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Dedication

to A. K. Spofford

His was a triple gift—an ear attuned
To subtle harmonies unheard by us
Of duller sense: a vision clear to mark
And separate the true and false; but more than these,
A rarer, sweeter, and more perfect thing
And token of a self-effacing sympathy,
He saw beneath our stumbling lines some gleam of thought;
He spurred us on to clothe the poor unshapely thing
In surer words, to bring it forth from nothingness
To life; or if 'twere some faint note of song
He caught afar, to set it, gemlike, in the lilt
And swing of verse till all the vibrant air
Was sweet with melody.

For this we thank him, and if aught we do
Commendable, if ever once our eager feet
Shall touch e'en but the lower slopes of that fair mount
Whereon Castilian fountains laugh and play
Mid purple iris smiling in the morning sun—
'Twill be for this alone, that one glad time
Our master-friend showed us the way
And told us all the splendor of the journey's end.

—NELLIE M. D. JACK (Mrs. H. C. Lynch), 1909.

Behind The Ranges

Dark they rise, forbidding, vast,
Chasm-grooved, untrod, a wall
Brown-black 'gainst the heavens blue:
Mounts of Sujar, yet unpassed.

Range of Sujar, men have said
God-placed, barriers to keep
Sane-bound thoughts, a mind at rest.
"Cross not Sujar, or be dead."

What this whisper in my dream,
Pride-stirred, harrying, that cries:
"Law-held! Rise, and seek the goal—
Over Sujar, look! a gleam!"

"Men will scorn thee, women mock,
Dream-fool," pipeth, now astir,
World-claims. "Duty points thee back—
Flee from Sujar, tend thy flock."

Shines the sun along the peaks—
Morn-gleam on an unknown world,
Witch-talk, charming to the search,
That of Sujar's wonders speaks.

When was prize, unsought-for, won,
Weak-soul, grovelling, afraid?
Dream-girt, push to scale the heights!
Lands of Sujar, hail! I come.

—ALTON ROSS HODGKINS, 1911.

The Usurpation of A Throne

Did you ever hear of little Queen Summer? She was a merry little queen. Her eyes were as blue and as bright as the sky, and her hair was spun from sunbeams. Her cheeks were of roses, and dimples played among the petals. Cherries were her lips, ripe, sweet, and tempting. Her gown was of wondrous design woven from the purest sunshine by an art which only fairies know. She was a very vain little creature. The lakes were her mirrors, and she loved to peep into their depths and laugh at the flattering tales they told. To scatter flowers was her chief delight. She strewed the fields with daisies and buttercups and joined in the gleeful mirth of the children who gathered them. She scattered violets to lighten the sad hearts of the sorrowing, and through them whispered a message of tender sympathy. In the path of the wayward, she dropped a pure white lily to tell of purity unknown to them. Of the woodlands, she made leafy bowers carpeted with moss and adorned with ferns and flowers, where the weary might find sweet rest from the noise and toil of the world.

Did she have any maids? Oh yes, maids innumerable. They were clad all in green, and their homes were in the tree-tops. They fluttered and danced and were so happy and free, and little Queen Summer always joined in their glee.

Usually the little Queen laughed all day long, but occasionally she showed a sudden burst of temper. Then her sunny face would grow dark with anger, flames would shoot from her blue eyes, followed by ominous threats and then a passionate burst of tears. But soon through the tears would gleam the radiance of her smiles and happiness would be restored to her kingdom.

The birds sang to her all day long, pouring forth in their melody all the love and admiration which welled up in their little breasts for their Queen. The little brooks tumbled and babbled and shouted her praise. And little Queen Summer was happy, so happy! For six long months with a care-free heart and a careless hand, she held her sovereign sway all over the land.

But one morning when she awoke, her flowers were all dead,

there seemed to be a strange chill in the air, and her maids were all blushing and whispering together. Then the little Queen was very sad and cried, "Oh maidens, tell me what wicked elf has worked this spell!"

Then the blushing maids told of the appearance of a strange knight on the evening before. He was borne on a snowy steed and his name was Sir Frost. Oh, he was haughty and daring and bold. He had ridden all over the land, withering the flowers with a look of scorn, chilling the brooks with his finger-tips and the cheek of each maid he had touched with his icy lips. And each maiden blushing deeper, went fluttering down, and in Mother Earth's gown, hid her face in shame.

Sir Frost came again and again after that and his white steed made sad havoc over the land. The rumors went flitting about of another Queen in a faraway country who was envious of little Queen Summer, her possessions and her happiness, and who had sent Sir Frost as a spy. So the little Queen trembled with fear, the roses faded away, her eyes became less joyous and her smiles less bright. She shivered and moaned and wept and grew paler each day. The little birds sang their brightest songs to cheer her but she heeded them not, and sadly they flew away, away to the South. The little brooks murmured gently, but in vain. Nothing could bring their little Queen back to her bright sunny self again.

One day, unannounced, Queen Winter swept in. She was tall and fair and her trailing robes were of glistening whiteness. Dazzled by the splendor, little Queen Summer had crept out of sight. The haughty grey-eyed Queen surveyed her new domains with a critical eye. Then she called her maids. They came by the score. Gay fairies they were in spotless white. They danced and they whirled and they fluttered about. They worked all day, and they danced all night, but when morning came, they had scampered away.

The whole realm was transformed. Calm and silent, in an endless stretch of marvelous whiteness, it lay. Hills and dales were wrapped in the same glistening splendor. By a touch from a magical wand, the lakes had been changed into crystal, clear and sparkling. The trees stood tall and proud for each twig bore

a jewel. Over all, silence reigned, calm, serene,—an almost breathless hush as if the whole earth were spellbound with awe and adoration. Suddenly from behind the hills, there flashed a million sunbeams. Instantly from plain and hill and lake, from every bush and tree and twig, myriads of diamonds reflected the glory, till the whole realm was magnificent in its dazzling splendor. Queen Winter was on the throne.

—EVA MILDRED SCHERMERHORN, 1910.

Tennyson the Poet of his Century

Since the dawn of time, every age, every period in the world's history has had its prophet and its bard to sing the achievements of the race with which he dwells, and to open a vista into the broader and more complete life that is to follow. Just as Homer in his great national epics depicted the varied life of the Greeks, just as Spenser reflected the changes taking place in the Elizabethan era, and Milton gave voice to the aims and ideals of the Puritans, just as Pope mirrored the narrowness and frivolity of the age of Queen Anne, so did Alfred Tennyson express and harmonize the diverse and conflicting elements of the Victorian era. Better than all others did he voice its hopes and aspirations, its doubts and spiritual struggles.

The period in which Tennyson lived was preeminently a time of progress and change, politically, socially and religiously. The spirit of nationality was developing as it had never developed before. The rapid expansion of commerce, as Tennyson himself expressed it, was "widening the thoughts of men with the process of the suns." Democracy was steadily gaining ground in spite of all opposition; Science was advancing by leaps and bounds; discoveries and inventions were being multiplied a hundred fold. But, hand in hand with this great material progress, there was a sort of religious reaction. The study of psychology increased in im-

portance and men became speculative and analytic. As science explained many things which had previously been regarded as inexplicable and people began to think that everything in the universe could be explained on a scientific basis, a period of spiritual doubt and skepticism set in.

All of these diverse elements were united in the works of Tennyson. His was the artist's faculty of blending minor details into one harmonious whole, while at the same time he was ever faithful in the portrayal of detail. Wonderfully accurate in his observation of nature, he has given to the thoughts, manners, and emotions of his race a peculiarly delicate and charming setting. Fortunately, his lyric gift of song, his deep thought and tenderness were just what the age at that time demanded. Had the period been dramatic rather than introspective, his works could hardly have been so highly appreciated, even though such poems as "Maud" contain fine dramatic touches.

When we consider Tennyson's political views as expressed in his works, we find him rather conservative. Though he wished many changes in the state to be brought about, he was himself no ardent reformer, but rather a counsellor of moderation. He had no sympathy with anything which seemed to him like revolution, as is shown by the scornful way in which he characterized the French Revolution, which was of such inestimable value in the progress of the race toward freedom as the "red fool-fury of the Seine." His political ideal, as expressed in his own words, was to see "freedom slowly broaden down from precedent to precedent." He seemed to hope for a gradual but steady development toward the goal of universal union, toward the time when there shall be, as he says in "Locksley Hall," a "Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World."

Tennyson was also deeply impressed by the social needs of the time and the reforms which were being undertaken along such lines, though he was far from being what one could call a social reformer. That he took heed of the pitiful and burdened condition of the poor, and looked forward to the time when injustice against them should cease is shown in several of his poems, such as "Godiva," which begins:

“Not only we, the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of the wheel,
Cry down the past, not only we that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well
And loathed to see them overtaxed.”

As regards the position and progress of woman in the world, Tennyson was, also, much concerned. Indeed in his poem “The Princess,” he has carefully set forth his ideas as to woman’s true sphere in life; that she should not withdraw too much from the world, but should work, side by side, with man, supplementing his activities for the good of both.

Still other social conditions were treated by Tennyson. The immense expansion of commerce seemed to him the cause of much evil and economic selfishness, of much oppression by the rich and loss of patriotism through personal greed. As a cure for much of this evil, he advocated, fallaciously as it seems to us, war. In “Maud” he tells how even though it works countless hardships, the fighting of a nation for a common cause draws people from their private interests and fosters patriotism in them. In a way, therefore, although voicing the changes that were taking place at this time Tennyson clung to some of the older institutions, which he desired to project into the future. He still held that the state should protect its children like a father, and still clung firmly to the imperial conception.

In his religious views, as well as his political and social views, Tennyson has mirrored the ideas of his century. He has expressed the doubts and spiritual questionings of his generation as has no other poet. The criticism has been made of him that he confused religion with skepticism, but if so it was merely an outcome of the religious confusion of the times, and the swift progress of religious thought through the previously unexplored fields which science had opened up. Though he loved the art, the beauty, and the sacred associations of the church, he did not believe that the religious development was at an end, but looked forward to the time when all forms and creeds should be united in one ideal truth. He saw that genuine faith could be attained only by sur-

mounting many barriers of doubt, rather than by willingly refusing to recognize them, as is shown by his couplet:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

His poetry from youth to old age shows the same steady religious development. In his early life he wrote such poems as "The Two Voices." Later on when his soul was shaken by the death of his dear friend, Arthur Hallam, he struggled long between doubt and faith, but came out triumphant in his "In Memoriam," one of the most beautiful poems ever written. Finally, almost at the end of his life's journey, he composed his "Crossing the Bar," in which he at last expressed complete faith and trust in God.

But in no way probably does Tennyson better represent his century than in his scientific spirit, and his appreciation of the wonderful scientific progress going on all around him. Unlike most poets before his time, he did not ignore nor scorn that which was ordinarily called prosaic, but read the great truths underlying it, and made them significant. Believing that science and poetry should be united, he changed the old poetic order, and brought it in harmony with knowledge and truth. The idea of evolution was ever prominent in his mind, and in many of his poems he has given it concrete expression. In "Locksley Hall" the great Revolutionary changes taking place are well expressed. In many other poems the immensity and boundlessness of the universe are shown. But throughout all, Tennyson stands as the faithful spokesman of the science of his century, while looking forward through the ages with the prophetic eye to "one far off divine event toward which the whole creation moves."

—JUNE ATKINSON, 1911.

Voruber

After the roar of the battle,
The silence and the slain;
After the ashes of friendship,
The long, long night of pain.
Woefully, wearily, brother,
Winds the road that thou must tread,
After the ashes of friendship,
Of the requiem of the dead.

HELEN M. WHITEHOUSE, 1910.

The Missing Sheet

Franklin Monroe—poet, essayist and general literary jobber sat before his desk in the dusk of an autumn afternoon, busily writing. Before him lay a confused heap of closely-written manuscript,—the result of many months of untiring labor. Already in his mind's eye, he could visualize the appearance of the great book, his chef d'oeuvre. Already he could picture its reception by the astonished literary world and could see himself quickly famous—exploited by the papers, attacked by the critics and hailed as a genius by the world in general.

Munroe was staking much on his book, for on that pile of manuscript rested the fate of a career. Monroe was a young man, approaching thirty, a graduate of one of New England's best colleges. As a Freshman he had been possessed with an uncontrollable desire to become a writer, a desire which the ripening years of his development only served to intensify. By the time of his graduation he had placed his destinies in the hands of the Muse of Scribbling and determined to follow her lead to fame.

But the anticipated success failed to come. He produced poems, essays and stories unceasingly, only to have them returned just as unceasingly until he grew to avoid the innocent

postman as one would the plague. Nearly discouraged and long out of funds, he finally resolved on a last great effort which should decide his fate for all time. He determined to write a novel—if it succeeded he would continue in the profession he had chosen; if it failed he would bid farewell to every muse and try his hand at street sweeping or some other remunerative employment.

Thus he worked week after week, month after month, each day seeing his work draw nearer to completion until this autumn afternoon there remained only a few more pages to write. Monroe's soul was in rapture; the gathering clouds of despair again gave way to the rosy hues of hope. An outline of the story had been submitted to the publishers who gave an encouraging report of the work: success seemed certain: his fame was established! Carefully, skillfully, he portrayed the last scenes, ending finally with a grand burst of eloquence. Then, exhausted and with throbbing temples, he threw down his pen and fell heavily upon the couch, resolving to begin his corrections and final revision in the morning. So he went to sleep.

The next morning at sunrise the young author was again at his desk—carefully revising his work, substituting here a word, there a sentence, rephrasing, polishing, elaborating. For days the work went on at intervals. One afternoon the author reached a place where the words stopped abruptly; a sheet was missing—two pages of the climax of the story could not be found. Thinking the paper to be misplaced, Monroe hastily looked through the entire pile; not a trace of the paper was visible. A thorough search of desk, floor and furniture brought no better results—the sheet was gone. Now thoroughly vexed, Monroe sat down to construct another climax, or rather to rewrite the first from memory. To his intense surprise and dismay, he could not recall a single word of the missing pages. He hastily read over the preceding and succeeding lines for the connection, but all to no avail; his mind was absolutely blank.

For the first time Monroe began to foresee failure—failure all the more bitter because success had seemed so near. He had worked especially hard upon those missing lines; they had been transferred to the paper only after days of study and nerve-rack-

ing concentration. And now they were gone, wiped out of existence in a moment. Without them the work was absolutely valueless; no other climax would suffice; the entire plot had been woven about those two pages.

Still loath to acknowledge himself utterly defeated, the desperate man once more began a painstaking search. He questioned the inmates of the house; not one of them could enlighten him; he talked with the janitor, who emphatically denied all knowledge of the manuscript. It was lost, and apparently beyond finding. Now Monroe tried to recall what enemy could have stolen the sheet; it was then that he realized what a multitude of friends he had; not an enemy could be conjured up. There was no cat or dog, which might possibly have destroyed the paper, in the house.

The days rapidly succeeded each other—days of hopeless search always ending in despair. Monroe began to grow nervous and ill under the strain. His friends found him irritable and far different from their former genial companion.

About two weeks after the loss of the manuscript, Monroe received a letter from his publishers which served to plunge him into deeper gloom and despair. It read:

Mr. Franklin Monroe,

Dear Sir:

We regret to tell you that we cannot consistently hold our presses much longer, and unless the manuscript of your book is forthcoming within a week, we shall find ourselves obliged to refuse its publication.

Very truly yours,

The ——— Company, Publishers.

The week of grace sped swiftly away until only twenty-four hours of the time allotted to him by his publishers, remained. The night before that final day Monroe went to bed in a state of mind not far removed from insanity. Nothing but a miracle could save him now. Defeat did not come to him easily for he belonged to that type of man who hates to acknowledge himself

beaten. Accordingly he tossed about uneasily, trying to think out some new plan whereby he might yet save his book, but no inspiration came. After about an hour of this restless tossing he fell into a troubled sleep.

Suddenly Monroe seemed to be walking along a street, when, out of the darkness that enveloped him, there appeared a young girl, with clear blue eyes and sunny hair. Who was she? Something in her appearance seemed vaguely familiar, as, tripping along toward him, she hummed a gay song, yet Monroe could not recall where he had seen her before. She advanced steadily, but lightly, until she stood in front of him, then, raising her eyes, she looked directly into his face with one of the most winning smiles that he had ever seen. Monroe, without any perceptible thought on his part, raised his hat as he passed on. Ah! suddenly he knew. Like a flash it dawned on his partially benumbed senses just where he had seen this girl before. This was the very first scene of his new novel—the book that must now be lost. The scene had been written with great care and thought, so that when once recalled it seemed perfectly natural.

After this auspicious beginning the story continued rapidly and without a break. Scene after scene, character after character, all appeared in their proper order. Monroe, as the hero, saw himself rapidly transported from place to place. One moment he was grinding away in a dingy New York office; the next, he was strolling along the shores of a mountain lake. Now he was chasing some phantom across the country; now he was making political speeches in some out-of-the-way rural hamlet. The climax was approaching, but the scenes continued without hesitation. Slowly, naturally, simply, the crowning scenes worked themselves out into a climax so grand and thrilling that Monroe found himself almost breathless at the dramatic power of the action. A moment more, and the scenes had faded away in confusion but the impression remained.

The sun was shining brightly into the room when Monroe at last awoke. Instantly his mind reverted to the dream which was still stamped indelibly on his brain. He was impatient with himself for his failure to work out the missing part before. Arising quickly, he seized pen and paper and began to write. He wrote

steadily for more than an hour; at the end of that time the book once more stood complete, with a denouement far exceeding in cleverness the first, which now seemed to be returning faintly to the author's mind.

The sun never seemed so bright as when, several hours later, Franklin Monroe mailed the manuscript of his masterpiece to the waiting publishers. Never did the birds sing so gaily as on that morning, a few weeks later, when he received the first payment upon his novel, with promises of more to come. Now he ventured to indulge in a few day dreams. He saw himself famous the world over for his wonderful books; he saw the happy, comfortable home that was soon to be his. He saw all these things and many more, and was happy.

In a far corner of the desk almost hidden by rubbish and dust, Monroe saw a protruding strip of white paper. Absently, almost unconsciously, he reached and pulled it out. It appeared to be covered with closely written lines. Monroe looked at it at first curiously, then with the greatest interest. Folding it carefully, he laid it away in a pigeon-hole of the desk. It was the Missing Sheet.

—ALBERT A. RAND, 1912.

Science vs. Religion

No more serious question confronts the human race in mass or individually than that of religion. History insists that the elevation of man's theistic conception from a period of ghost adoration to the present Christian monotheism and the rise of his standard of civilization have gone hand in hand. And so difficult has been the forming of this "vastest of all conceptions" that we may say seriously and reverently: "An honest God's the noblest work of Man."

But man has not yet succeeded in obtaining a universally satisfactory idea of God. To-day every thinking person is obliged to make his own estimate of Life, the final Cause and the ultimate result. And one of the saddest things in the long struggle of man to understand the Infinite is the conflict between theologians and scientists. Every great scientific principle has been fought by theology as though its survival meant the overthrow of Christianity. The condition of modern thought has been such that it has been impossible for the youth of today to escape grave questionings because of this apparent inconsistency. The development of science, which has changed man's views of the material universe during the last century more than in the twenty-five centuries preceding, make such questions natural and the revision of his conception necessary. Has reason disproved the existence of the God of the Christians? Is the church an enemy to truth? Must Christianity succumb to the vigor of modern thought? These are serious questions that determine man's philosophy of life and they must be answered fully and honestly.

Altho science is entirely outside the realm of metaphysics and the scientist, as such, deals with forces as blind as the x of an algebraic equation, seeking not the **why** of a force, but the **how**; not the cause, but the method of procedure, there seems to be something about his mind which brings him into conflict with modern theology. There was a time when the very fact that the Bible did not explain a newly discovered scientific principle was sufficient to convince men that to believe in the theory was atheistic. But that day is past, and without loss of faith in God's Message we have learned that it is a book of ethics and not of science.

Today one principle is responsible for all the difficulty and it is so unchristian that if it were stated in its bare form it would be rejected on every hand. It is what Carlyle called the conception of the "Absentee God." It has arisen in two ways: first in the attempt of men to reconcile the evil of the world with an exceedingly anthropomorphic conception of Deity, and, secondly in the separating of the forces which cause natural phenomena from the idea of God and leaving only the unexplainable or the miraculous. Chiefly thru the work of Augustine the idea of God apart from the material world, and knowable by the interruption of

some natural law has permeated the Christian church. The idea of Epikuros that the Gods could not connect themselves with the paltry affairs of men but lived a blessed life in a far-off Emperean, coupled with the pathetic yet influential philosophy of Plato, who was so overwhelmed with the wickedness of men that the material world seemed to him almost completely vile, swept on into the Gnostic thought which overwhelmed that great Roman fifteen centuries ago. And this conception, so well adapted to the Latin culture and political genius of the Dark Ages became so deeply inwrought into the Latin church that it still dominates both Catholic and Protestant faith. "This doctrine," to quote Fiske, "is based on the idea of a Being actuated by human passions and purposes, localizable in space, and utterly remote from that inert machine, the universe, upon which he acts only intermittently thru the suspension of what are called natural laws."

So long as this conception prevails science is continually removing God farther from the universe by explaining these "appearances of Deity" in terms of natural laws. But if we return to the higher and earlier Athanasian doctrine of God, the Author of natural law, permeating the universe and eternally creative, as modern science is helping us to do, we have abolished entirely the conflict between science and religion. With a conception of God apart from His creation and a force in nature apart from Him, we have a beginning of Polytheism if not of atheism; but with a conception of one Power, one God permeating the material universe, we have a true Monotheism in which the terms **Force** and **God** can never conflict and in which science can play its proper part.

Evolution alone, by its message from Geology, Astronomy and Biology not only proves the existence of a Purposeful Moral Being but it points to a future of hope and promise. It goes farther than the creation of man and tells us that the natural selection, which left the physical realm at the advent of civilization, still lives in the moral realms and the best will ever survive. It tells us that love of home, temperance, brotherhood, a pure society and every other Christian principle are factors in determining the endurance of a nation; that love as exemplified in the life of Jesus Christ will ultimately raise us from the animal by the same

process of sacrifice which has brought us to our present state. It explains the apparent cruelty of the world and pictures to us a God working by His infinite wisdom the salvation of the race, unknowable in states of consciousness, but knowable in the order of His phenomenal manifestations; knowable in a symbolic way as the Power which is disclosed in every throb of the mighty rhythmic life of the universe; knowable as the eternal Source of a Moral Law which is implicated with every act of our lives and in obedience to which lies our only guarantee of that happiness which is incorruptible.

To him who fears the conflict of science and religion every tendency of the age says, "Wait!" The scientist who complains that the churchman will not listen to reason and the churchman who complains that the scientist is unresponsive to the needs of a Christian brotherhood are beginning to understand each other. As we have learned that the Bible is a moral Guide and not a book of science, so are we approaching the higher conception of God as the "one" ruling force of the universe. Another generation of free thought should see the end of this pathetic conflict and Science and Religion will join hands to secure the moral evolution of the race.

—CLAIR ELSMERE TURNER, 1912.

To'bet and Leila

Arabia, thy parched sands, had they
Not been accursed and doomed to give no life
Or issue yield, the blood that flowed in streams—
Enriching not thy veins—would spring again,
Not in the shape of grass to feed or reed
To sing, but in the shape of crimson tongues
That would denounce the deeds of men when they
For love of self, call right what suits their ends.

Or had thy lonely doons the pow'r to speak,
What sweet, heart soothing tales our ears would hear,
Of simple love—the God created love—
That stirred the hearts of hardy desert sons,
And dainty maids—wild flow'rs from nature's heart,
So fresh, unsoiled by human cultured touch
Or thought—sweet tales that ended happily!
And what heart rending tales of love that flared
And blazed like to thy fearful sun, and like
It still with its consuming heat that stirs
No life but kills what life there is, hath choked
The struggling hopes! Of such a fate I speak:

Once upon a time (as Arabs would
A tale begin), a struggling caravan
Its weary way was picking thru the sand,
Which heaved, and, shifting, piled in heaps and rolled
With deadly sweep to pile anew and roll;
Like to a peaceful sea when angry winds
Would lash her back, her thousand heads would raise
In rage, and stretch ten thousand arms and charge.
Behind, no trace was left—so wipes the hand
Of fate fond hopes! In front, all former trace
Of man and beast was gone; yet on, and on
The weary caravan pursued its way
Led by the setting sun.

“Howay! Howay!”

The leader cried and stopped, and every man
Around him pressed to find him gazing at
A form—a man—half buried in the sand.
“Not dead, he lives!” And eager anxious men
For water rushed. The purple lips were seen
To move, the eyes were opened wide wherein
The flame, the dying flame of life, was seen
To waver 'neath the chilling breath of death.
A sigh, a mournful groan escaped his lips,
Then words—the soul was starting on its flight
From that mean cage in words: “If Leila will
Salute, my bones, tho hid beneath a pile

Of stones, the greeting will return, or from
My tomb a voice will surely cry Salaam!"
He spoke and died.

"Know ye the man?" one asked.
"Who knows him not? Lives there the man who hath
Not heard of Leila's Troubadour? Alas!
Who after thee shall sing of love and give
His passion form and clothe it now, in bright,
Alluring silks and then in gruesome shrouds;
Or march it like a bride with joyful, hopeful song,
Or lead it to its grave with moan and wail?
There lies a bard, a lover true! Alas,
For song, alas, for unrequited love!
Enough, and let the man who knew no rest
To rest be wedded now, and may Allah
Be gracious to his soul."

On sea and sand
Alike, the dead find grave where'er they hap
To die. A hole was dug and rocks were piled
To mark the lonely grave,

Long years rolled by.
A lady fair on camel back was led
By horseman bold; hard by the pile they passed.
"There sleeps a liar false," the husband sneered,
"Tis he who sang my gracious wife to fame."
"And why a liar he?" "Salute that grave
And prove that he who said: 'If Leila will
Salute, my bones, tho hid beneath a pile
Of stones, the greeting will return, or from
My tomb a voice will surely cry Salaam!'
Is true. Now, by Allah, thou shalt salute."
Then Leila: "Peace, may peace with thee abide!"

And lo! a rustling noise, and from a hole
An owl appeared and, screaming, flopped its wings
And soared. The frightened camel reared and threw
Its load.

Thus Leila met her end, and thus
The two, whom life would hold apart,
One grave in peace received with open arms.

—IRVING HILL BLAKE, 1911.

A White Rose

“Yes, she was always a strange child, from the moment she was brought home to Aunt Lizzie—a poor, motherless little mite. I never shall forget the expression on her baby face when, in her father’s arms, she watched them bear to the cemetery the little white casket, in which all hidden in flowers, lay Rose’s child-mother—Lewis Arey’s child-wife.

“You never saw Lewis Arey’s wife, did you? Then you missed seeing the strangest mixture of dependence and independence; of love and hatred; of good and evil; that ever blessed or blighted a man’s life. Her name was Fragoletta. To a stranger I know it must seem incongruous that a child brought up in such surroundings should be given such an odd, fanciful name. But to those who knew her it was the only possible name for her. She was all music, passion, jealousy—a character as unsuited to New England as her name to her surroundings. Poor, passionate little girl! She should have lived in Italy where all the intensity of her nature could have found vent, but instead she lived in New England, within sight of the Atlantic, in a climate against which her very nature rebelled and which she understood as imperfectly as Lewis Arey understood her.

“They were married when Fragoletta was only seventeen and soon after went to the city where Lewis’ work called him.

Strangely enough she was contented in the city, loved all its noise and din and confusion and, indeed, she would have been satisfied anywhere with him as long as she knew that she held his undivided attention.

"For two happy years there was nothing to stir up the fire that was always smouldering in her nature. And it was not until the baby Rose was several months old that the flames burst forth. Then a veritable demon of jealousy put into her heart the thought that her baby was sharing the care and affection which had hitherto been for her alone. All the mother-love seemed to be turned to hatred.

"Concealment of any feeling, good or evil, was not a trait of her nature, and the fire blazed forth in good earnest. Lewis was speechless. Here was a phase of character that he, a calm, sensible New Englander, could not understand; and yet he was patient, uncomplaining, never blaming the unreasonable consuming jealousy which seemed to have taken complete possession of Fragoletta.

"For nearly three years matters went on in about the same way. Rose became a strangely fascinating child. Baby though she was, she realized that, for some reason which her tiny brain could not fathom, her mother disliked her. It would have moved a harder-hearted person than I, to see the many little ways by which she tried to win her mother's affection, and if she succeeded in winning even a glance, she was a different child for the rest of the day.

"Fragoletta was not unkind as far as caring for the child's wants, but there was never a motherly caress for the little one who inherited from her such a wealth of affection to lavish upon someone—never anything but a cold indifference which contrasted strangely with her nature, and which I know she must have forced herself to assume so that she might not be brutally unkind to the child.

"At last the unreasoning, ungovernable passion began to tell on the slender frame so badly suited to harbor it. From utter weakness the bitter feeling against her husband died away, though to her dying day I believe she never forgave her baby. Late in September word came to Aunt Lizzie that her daughter

was dead. Aunt Lizzie was broken-hearted, though she had expected the sad news for days and I think the hardest part of it all for her was that she had a feeling of relief for the baby Rose's sake.

"I remember what a beautiful Friday is was when they brought her home for the last time. After the simple funeral service the little procession moved slowly toward the cemetery. I was so glad that the cemetery was near the sea, for it seemed to me that the angry dash of the waves in a storm was the only thing in nature, here, that Fragoletta ever understood or enjoyed. The many friends, with unusual thoughtfulness refrained from following the mourners to the cemetery, leaving us alone to look for the last time upon the little face, which, beautiful though it was, had a rebellious expression even in death. Lewis lifted baby Rose, who slowly, hesitatingly stretched out her tiny hand and placed it on her mother's cold face. Then as if astonished and delighted that her hand was not pushed away, with a babyish coo of delight she bent down from her father's arms and kissed the white face among the roses. And the child looked like a rose herself; not a great, blooming blush rose which so many pretty children remind one of; but a white, white rose like those in her mother's casket. It may be only a fancy, but it's a fancy I like to believe true, that by that baby's kiss, peace was made between the spirit of the dead mother and the child, whom her passionate, impulsive nature had caused her to wrong.

"Well, is was all over, and we went back to Aunt Lizzie's—Lewis, baby Rose and I. Aunt Lizzie begged me to stay with her for I had loved and understood Fragoletta. Lewis' work called him back to the city and I stayed and cared for the child—and may the good Lord help me never to care for any human being as I did for that blessed baby.

"Though she was kind and affectionate to all, anyone could see that it was Aunt Lizzie to whom she gave the best love of her baby heart—the purest love on earth.

"I told you she was a strange child. Well I do not care to conceal it—she was not like other children. When she was six years old she went to school and Sunday School and loved them both. But her Sunday School teacher was at a loss to know how

to manage her, for Rose utterly refused to say text or prayer for anyone except Aunt Lizzie; and while the other children were obediently bowing their heads and folding their hands, she sat with neck firm and straight and stared fixedly out the window. Yet I have seen her kneel among the daisies and buttercups and fold her hands and repeat the Lord's Prayer, and I like to think that, because of her misfortune if one can call it so, she was nearer the Father than the rest of us—that she heard His voice and worshipped Him in the flowers.

"At school she fortunately had a teacher who came as near understanding her as anyone save Aunt Lizzie. Consequently the book she gave her to study was the great book of Nature and Rose sat by the open window, her desk piled with flowers instead of books and listened to the songs of the birds and the buzz of bumble bees and, I doubt not, sounds which our dull ears can never catch.

"After we brought ourselves to acknowledge—I won't pretend to say it wasn't hard at first—that she was lacking in what the world calls intelligence, we decided to keep her out of school. Aunt Lizzie gave herself up to her entirely and Rose came to lean upon "Grandma" more and more and seemed almost to be frightened when she left her.

"The summer that she was seven years old we began to notice that Rose was thin and pale and that she had a troublesome little cough, and that she rarely left Aunt Lizzie's side, even to play among her beloved flowers. But we scorned to admit to one another that anything was wrong, and tried to make ourselves believe that nothing serious ailed the child. Lewis who came to see her as often as his work would allow, was the first to speak of it. A doctor was called, who told us it was only a question of a short time—that we could do nothing.

"So we watched her grow paler and paler, until late in November the crisis came. She aroused us one morning with a frightened cry: She had dreamed that Grandma had left her in a dark cold place, all alone. We quieted her fears, but our own fears could not be stilled for we knew only too well that our white Rose would soon be where Grandma could not help her. All that day she lay in the grasp of that awful fever, her face always so white

and colorless, stained with her very life blood it seemed to me. Yet she did not complain of much pain until night. Then the struggle for breath began. It wrung my heart—those pleading, wondering eyes—and that one cry, the only complaint she ever made—‘Grandma, will it ever go away? Will it?’ At last the awful suffering did go away, and with one last call: ‘Grandma, don’t leave me, don’t!’ the suffering faded out of the soft brown eyes, the color left the crimson cheeks and only the beautiful white waxen rose was left.

“We buried her on a dull November day. All that night I couldn’t sleep, for it seemed to me that the child, as in the last few weeks of her life needed and called for Aunt Lizzie. For nearly a week I fought against my feelings, thinking I was nervous and low spirited. Then one morning Aunt Lizzie came down to breakfast with a severe cold. It grew worse so suddenly that we called in the doctor. After leaving some medicine he went out, beckoning me to follow, but there was no need to tell me there was danger, but he hoped for the best, for I knew too well that Aunt Lizzie was beyond our help. She lived just four days and we buried her two weeks from the day of Rose’s death.

“No, I am not superstitious but I do believe that even in God’s great flower-garden above, our white Rose failed to find anyone who really understood her nature; so she called Aunt Lizzie, and the call of love was so strong that Aunt Lizzie heard it and followed.”

—GEORGIA TOWNLY HAMILTON, 1910.

John R. Mott

(First Prize, Junior Exhibition, June 1913)

The most unique and striking personality in the field of aggressive Christian service, is that "imperialist of Christianity," John R. Mott. He has been called the "new crusader," the "field marshal of beligerent Christendom." Others have called him "the foremost Christian statesman of our age." To those who are acquainted with Mott, these terms serve only to suggest the power and domination of his character.

In considering the life of any man, we naturally ask first, what has he accomplished? Has he done anything to make the world better? Mott is secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association which is binding together the Associations of all lands. This Committee is planning and directing the work of the Associations in all the civilized countries of the globe. These Associations are not only teaching young men the elements of Christian character, but are making young men practice these teachings.

Mott developed the Student Volunteer Movement which aims to interest the students of all lands in diffusing the teachings of Christ thruout the world. Thru the influence of this movement, some of the colleges and universities of the United States and England are sending to the foreign field the pick of their athletes and scholars.

Mott devised the World Student Christian Federation which now has societies in practically every institution of higher education on earth. He says that the purpose of this Federation is to unite the Student Christian Movements thruout the world, and to promote mutual relation between them.

Under Mott's leadership, the World Missionary Movement has developed into a stupendous campaign, second to none in all history. At the gathering of this Movement in Edinburgh in 1910, there were thirteen thousand men representing every country in the world, and almost every shade of doctrine and Church government known to man.

The life aim of John R. Mott is the Christian conquest of the world in this generation. Never was there greater need of spiritual leadership than in this age of unprecedented material growth when men are thinking more about conserving and developing natural resources than of conserving human energy and of developing human character.

Mott stands for a new and aggressive type of Christian manhood. He is stamped with all the physical and intellectual characteristics of a world conqueror. He is a superlative optimist. He believes that the world can be conquered in a generation if Christians will put their brains, and time, and prayers into the task. He emphasizes the great intellectual, moral and spiritual essentials as revealed by Christ. He has a world-wide conception of Christianity, and speaks in terms of continents, and thinks in units of races. He recognizes the good and uplifting in the non-Christian religions, and offers ours not as a contradiction to those but as their fulfillment and crown.

We can only inadequately estimate the dominating influence of John R. Mott in molding the character of the races. He is setting a standard for the nations. The only standard that is eternal and universal and has stood the test of nineteen centuries—the standard that underlies the very process of civilization, and makes possible political liberty. Whole communities and nations are taking their initiative from the suggestions of this man. He is leading the united sections of the Church in the Christianization of the globe. He is seizing the student mind of the nations in its last impressionable stage, and is setting to work on the gigantic task of Christianizing the world. He has influenced more young men than any other living man; is the most widely known figure in the student life of five continents; and is today the leading dynamic in aggressive Christianity.

Mott's convincing and dominating power as a speaker can only be appreciated by those who have heard him. I have seen him electrify an audience made up of distinguished men, and convince them of things they did not wish to believe and yet he never raised his voice, hardly made a gesture. He stands before students in his calm, dignified, yet powerful manner; and challenges, dares, and dazzles them by setting a task before them that will

drain their every energy, and consume their last ounce of force.

When I heard Mott give the closing address at Northfield last June; when I heard him give the final words of advice—yes, the final command to the students of three nations, I thought of the great leaders in human history who have mastered men and dominated situations: who have determined the courses of nations and of races. When he told us that the most critical battlefield of this age is the colleges and universities of the nations, I thought of the mighty military commanders of the past, I thought of the Great Napoleon and his dream of an empire of all Europe. But I remembered that Mott is building an empire of the world—an empire based not upon the authority of a single man, but founded upon the example, the teachings and the personality of the noblest ethical teacher of men.

The most serious charge against college students today is that they have nourished their brains at the expense of their hearts—that they have lost human sympathy. John R. Mott is doing more than any other individual to bring about a contradiction to this charge. He stands a living challenge to the students of every land to forget all selfish interests, and to seek the truest and noblest joys of life in love, and service to mankind.

—ROY PACKARD, 1914.

Ayr and Alloway

Ayr is an important watering place as well as a city of considerable size. My companion, Duncan Cameron, wished me to see, first of all, the beaches. So as soon as we alighted from the train, we turned our steps toward the blue glimpses which were to be had at the end of the smooth well-ordered streets; and very soon were glorying in the magnificent views seaward. Many wealthy residents of Ayr and Glasgow have their summer homes along this shore, so that it has become the best part of the city.

A wide white beach zigzags for miles on either hand; behind us are stately brick houses, green lawns, and shady avenues; before us a blue-green, gently-rolling sea stretches to the misty, precipitous peaks of Arran which rise bold and broken to the northwest.

We loitered along the sandy beaches; threw flat pebbles into the lazy sea; and sunned ourselves for an hour or two upon the rocks, with the hazy crags of Goat Fell and Ailsa Craig dreaming in the distance,—I watching the children build their frail castles of sand, and Duncan talking. He is something of a philosopher and very much of a poet; so you may be sure I enjoyed listening to him as he told me of the Land o' Bobbie Burns, its history and traditions.

When we again moved ourselves, we skirted the shore till we came to the outlet of the Ayr River. There, following the advice of my guide, I closed my eyes to the dark, blackened quays and massive stone work of the piers; and tried not to think where I was until we approached an old bridge. It was the "Auld Brig of Ayr." There Duncan told me the story of the "Twa Brigs," which, I am ashamed to say I had forgotten. According to Burns, the old bridge is so narrow that two wheelbarrows tremble when they pass upon it. It happened that a new bridge was built near by; and one night the "New Brig" got fresh and was heard to say very spiteful things to the "Auld Brig." In answer, the "Auld Brig" replied: "I'll be a brig when you're a shapeless cairn!" And sure enough, the Auld Brig has outlived the new; for of the latter, not a trace now remains. But by what mercenary zeal and painstaking care, by the use of what mechanical preservatives, only the workmen of Ayr can tell. It is enough, however, that Burns' facetious prophecy is fulfilled, even if the old structure is superannuated; and altho numerous new bridges now span the river, it may be that the grim spirit of the "Auld Brig," thru the efficacy of the poet's fame, may see them all crumble and decay.

Continuing up the river we left the region of paved streets and walled channels, and rambled out into the country of the "green crib" and "rich hawthorne blossom." I had no difficulty, now, in convincing myself that this was the Ayr River. Duncan repeated to me that loving burst of the poet's soul, "To Mary in

Heaven;" while I watched the stream, "gurgling, kiss its pebbled shore," and heard the birds "sing love on every spray." Every thing in the gentle Scotch landscape seemed too sweet and dream-like for reality. The sloping meadows, clustering trees, and purling waters in the stony river bed, took me back in fancy to the day when Robert and Mary plighted their troth at a ford a few miles higher up. That the supreme romance of Burns' life centered around this stream is attested by the frequent mention of its name in his best lyrics and by his touching farewell to its "bonny banks." Few are so devoid of human sympathy as to read these lines without a little thrill of pity for the author. Very feelingly, Duncan recited them; while I gazed at the flowered banks, and tried to imagine the poet wandering, care-pressed, tearful, and alone, as the gloomy night of trouble gathered around him, and, with wounded heart, he contemplated leaving his native land forever.

It seemed like the rude breaking of a beautiful, wistful dream, when Duncan suggested that unless we return to town soon, we would not have time to go out to Alloway. So we retraced our steps to the Burns statue which stands in a prominent place near the station; noted the "Old Plough Inn,"—and two or three other resorts (hallowed spots) where the poet and his dissolute companions used to drink dull care away and took a team for the Burns' monument.

The ride to Alloway is delightful, for the tramway passes thru pleasant, shady suburbs and delicious farming country. But disappointment awaits one at the birthplace of the poet. Tea-gardens, museums, high fences, and paved streets, give an air of artificiality and strainedness to the whole scene about the little thatched cottage; and, altho the building itself remains essentially as it was when Bobbie first opened his big, bright eyes to the wicked world; yet the naive setting which I had anticipated was as remote from the real one as the macadam highway near by was from the woodsy lane in which the baby Robert whiled away his early years.

A six pence admitted us to the museum. Here we found many original manuscripts of the author; and among other relics, his Bible which was recently purchased from private parties for

1700 pounds sterling. Other more or less genuine remains of the poet were exhibited in glass cases. Not the least interesting was an old guinea note, on the back of which he had written these lines:

"I know thy power, thou pested leaf,
Full so sae all o'er woe an' grief,
For lack o' thee I lose my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass,
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, thru my crust"

The other lines are not legible. Poor Bobby, if he had scrimped his glass a little more, he might never have had occasion to write these verses.

The cottage itself is long, low-roofed, and thatched with straw. The heavy stone walls gleam with whitewash, broken here and there by low doors and tiny, twelve-paned windows. It is a combination of house and barn; for one of its three little rooms was occupied by the four-footed members of the family. Many more relics of the poet's family are shown here, more or less genuine. We purchased a few souvenirs, remarked the fresh thatch on the roof and guessed how many times it had been changed since Burns was born, then strolled down the road half a mile to "Alloway's Auld haunted Kirk."

This is the bit of country which furnishes the background for Burns' masterpiece. On the right of the road, surrounded by the white monuments of a small kirkyard, stands the building made famous by "Tam o' Shanter." The ruin looks much as it did in the poet's time except where vandal tourists have carried off parts of its walls and roof. Ivy veils the rear, and a font of solid stone is built into the wall on one side. The church cannot be entered, as the open doors now have bars of iron across them; but we looked into the gloomy, spooky interior and ceased to marvel that it was the reputed resort of the evil ones in days gone by.

Nearly in front, facing the road, is a marble slab bearing the name of William Burns, the father of Robert; also that poetic estimate of the good man's character which concludes with the su-

perative declaration that "E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

We paused in the road and looked back at this gray pile of stone. It is almost shapeless now. No slender pillars nor flying buttresses give it grace; no gothic facade nor fretted vault ever embellished its rude masonry; symmetry, stateliness, architectural adornment, it never knew. Even its once simple beauty is gone. Yet the names of Burns and the fictitious "Tam o' Shanter" have elevated this ancient, tiny kirk to rank with abbey and cathedral. We wonder and pass on.

A few steps further on we enter a large tea-garden which surrounds the Burns monument on the bank of the River Doon. In company with scores of other tourists, we ramble about the gravelled paths; and, in spite of numerous notices to the effect that we must refrain from touching any of the shrubs and flowers, at opportune moments we snatched sprigs of cedar and hawthorne. In the base of the monument, we found other souvenirs—these with fabulous prices attached to them. Here, also, were other relics of Burns viewed thru a protecting medium of glass. Behind these rests a large sculptured piece representing the persons of Tam o' Shanter and his friend, Souter Johnnie. It is evident, from their positions and general bearing, that the sculptor caught them at a moment when they were "o'er all the ills of life victorious."

We paused only a few moments here. The air was stuffy, the crowd obnoxious, and I really believe we were getting sick of relics. After all, there is not much comfort in gazing at the possible remains of a genius. Far better, it seemed to me, to wander down along the banks of the rippling Doon from which Burns received a part of his inspiration; to look up at the blue sky from, perhaps, the very spot from which he viewed it; to linger on the old "Brig o' Doon," and leaning over its stone wall, to watch the fitful play of light and shadow on the limpid surface beneath. Such moments are rich in sentiment. After the artificiality and sordid commercialism of the tea-gardens and museums, they seemed a blessed respite. So I gratefully applauded Duncan when he suggested that the Spirit of Genius must hate monu-

ments and parks, and love to dwell among the leafy braes of Bonny Doon or in the mystic, sombre shadows of some old piled cairn like Alloway Kirk.

The "Brig o' Doon" is a one-span, arched structure of mossy gray and brown stone. Thanks to the friends of the poet, it has not been allowed to disintegrate. Indeed, it looks good for a couple of centuries more. A few rods above it is an old mill which makes a very pretty picture with the over-hanging trees and the silvery ripples of the stream in the foreground. An attractive-looking farmhouse, between the bridge and the mill caught my companion's eye. "I'm hungry," he exclaimed.

It was a prosaic remark in a place made sacred by romance, but somehow a responsive chord was struck in my own gastronomical soul.

"So am I," I declared."

"Let those tea-houses go fish!" was his profane exclamation, "we'll go up to the farmhouse and get something good."

So, a few moments later found us seated on the grass in the fluttering shade of the oak trees, before the vine-covered farmhouse on the bank of Burns' beloved Doon, thinking poetic thoughts and gratifying our gastratory nerves with the exquisitely delicious sensations of English strawberries and the most ambrosial cream. I am ashamed to say it, but we ate two boxes of berries apiece; and each berry was as big around as a half-dollar. Such are English strawberries.

A couple of dreamy hours under the trees below the old mill where the river turns to disappear beneath the massive arch of the old Brig, then we bent our footsteps homeward. Throngs of sight-seers blocked our way wherever we turned, the trains were packed, and automobiles shrilly tooting desecrated the associations of the past. "To bad, too bad," groaned Duncan. I thought I understood his feelings.

—WALTER GRAHAM, 1911.

The Soldier of Gettysburg

His hair is white, and his head bends low;
His step, once firm, is now feeble and slow;
But today he's a hero, brave and true,
And the story he tells is to us ever new;
For he was a soldier at Gettysburg.

How we thrill to hear of the victory won
In that terrible fray, when the summer sun
Looked down for three days on a crimson field,
And shone on a host that could die, but not yield—
Among them the soldier of Gettysburg.

He speaks of the fight and his voice rings clear,
And his eye grows bright, and we seem to hear
The bugle's note, and the cannon's roar,
As in fancy we peer thru the smoke-clouds which lower
About him, the soldier of Gettysburg.

At his place of danger he manned his gun
On that last red day till the fight was done,
And stood by the piece while its fiery breath
Sent answer back to the thunder of death,
As it rolled 'round the soldier of Gettysburg.

He saw the veterans that Pickett led,—
Their gallant charge—the dying and dead
Thick strewn 'neath the wall where their triple array
Broke like the wave—to be hurled back like spray
From the flag of the soldier of Gettysburg.

He saw War's glory—a spectre grim,
Red, reeking with slaughter, it was to him—
As he stayed at his post thru shot and shell
To do his duty. He did it well,
This faithful soldier of Gettysburg.

On the field of his valor the grass and flowers
Have covered the dead; and the trying hours
Of those dark days have passed with their pain;
Yet in mem'ry he lives them over again,
 This aged soldier of Gettysburg.

He camps today with his one-time foe—
Now friend—'mid the scenes of long ago.
In spirit his comrades return from the Past;
An army they were, of them all, he is last;
 This lonely soldier of Gettysburg.

His hair is white, and his step is slow,
But his heart is brave and true, we know;
For he gave his life, at his country's call,
To the cause of Freedom. He offered all—
 This patriot soldier of Gettysburg.

Aye, call him brave who death hath faced
With a fearless heart and a trust well-placed.
Aye, call him true whose final thought
Clings to the flag for which he fought—
 This grand old soldier of Gettysburg.

—HAROLD MORRISON SMITH, 1914.

John Warren, M. D.

“Ah-h-h!” The doctor settled back in the morris-chair and elevated his feet to the mantle with a long breath of satisfaction. Contentment emanated from every corner of the little room: from the blazing fire, the soft hangings, the quiet furniture, the cheerful plants, and the bright face of his wife as she seated herself

with her crocheting. Even the driving nor'east snowstorm outside, as it beat and tugged at the windows and whistled down the chimney but increased the sensation of cheerfulness and comfort.

"Let her howl!" said the doctor as he unfolded his paper. "We don't care so long as that doorbell don't ring. May no baby see fit to be taken with the colic or any other untoward thing to-night. But if he does, Heaven help his little soul!—I won't."

He placidly scanned the front sheet; then turned to the sporting page and ran over the headlines. Finding a vivid description of a nice, bloody prize-fight, he read it aloud—chiefly because his wife hated such things and he knew she hated them. As a girl she had been one of those people that squirm all over at the mere suggestion of anything unpleasant, while the sight of blood would cause instant loss of consciousness. Thirty years of the doctor, however, had quite cured her of such foolish habits.

"Ain't they horrid men, Maisie," he drawled, when he had finished. "What do you s'pose they want to go pounding each other up like that for?"

His wife made no reply. He half paused in his turning of the leaves and looked at her.

"What do you think about it?" he persisted placidly.

"Oh, I don't like it, and you know I don't," she snapped. "I don't see what you want to read such things to me for."

He grinned cheerily as he continued to turn the sheets.

"Oh, ah, here's someone gone and murdered somebody! Let's see how he did it."

His wife looked despairingly at his feet—the upper part of his body being carefully surrounded by a barricade of chairback and newspaper—but they were rigid and relentless.

He had reached the point where one of the witnesses had found a half burned bit of flesh, with some long hairs clotted with blood, adhering to it, stuffed among some old newspapers in a stove. The door-bell rang.

"Blast it!" he growled, bringing his feet suddenly to the floor and looking round the room with an injured air.

"Who in time can be out on a night like this?"

He threw down the paper and tramped to the door. A gust of wind, laden with sleet and snow, nearly knocked him off his feet. In the dim haze of the electric light he perceived a small, dark object planted squarely in front of the doorway.

"Please, doctor, baby's awful sick and Mamma says would you come right down?"

"Well, come in out of this storm and we'll see." The child stepped in and the door was closed.

"Now let's see, my little man," as the doctor brushed the snow off his dressing jacket and scanned the muffled figure, "Your name is Clinton?"

"Yes, sir, Joey Clinton."

"Well now, Joey, you step right in here," opening the office door, "and tell me what's the matter with baby."

"I dunno," with a self-conscious hitch.

"How long has he been sick?"

"Oh, 'bout two or three days."

"And you don't have any idea what the trouble is? How does he act?"

"Well he squalled awful all yesterday and this morning. But to-night he ain't said nothing; just moaned a bit when Mamma went to put Millie and Mertie to bed; and she got scared and sent me right up for you."

The doctor, who by this time had finished inspecting his medicine case, decided that further questioning was useless. He closed the bag with a snap, and returned to the living room. Without a word he crossed over to the large closet on the other side of the room; kicked off his slippers; pitched them into the closet with a resonant bang; snatched up a pair of boots and sitting down in a nearby chair began putting them on with vicious jerks.

"You aren't going out tonight, are you, John?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I do hope it isn't far."

"Clinton's."

"What, down over the bank? Must you go, John?"

For answer he drew off his dressing-jacket and began searching the closet for a coat. She got up and taking his heavy great-coat held it in front of the fire a moment. He allowed her to help him into it and then, as he stood on the rug absently looking over the collection of dirty and clean handkerchiefs, nails, keys, hypodermic case, and so forth which he pulled from the pockets, he broke out: "Remember the night ten years ago when this little Joey was born and the Thrasher woman up at the Point was so sick? It was a fierce night and I spent most of it on the road between the two houses. Stay half an hour with one and then off and spend half an hour with the other. Didn't know but they'd both die, and it seemed before I got through with it, that I'd drop, myself. Never got paid for that time yet."

He cast the two soiled handkerchiefs at the table, pulled his cap down over his ears, and went into the office, putting on his gloves. His wife followed him and as he picked up his bag she asked: "How long will you be gone?"

"Can't tell. Don't wait up for me. I'll let myself in. Come, my little man."

She held him back a moment to see that his collar was properly buttoned up.

"There, there," with a half-sheepish smile, he broke away from her embrace. "Don't come to the door; you'll get your death of cold."

He went out into the storm and the child followed him. It was a fearful night; a driving north-east wind, laden with sleet and snow—so thick and fierce it almost stifled one. There were moments when they reached the bank, a rather low cliff close to the water's edge, in which it seemed that they could not keep their footing but must be beaten down and buried under the fierce hoard of steel-armed snow-flakes. A light from a tiny cottage suddenly blinking at them through the storm, told them that they had reached their destination. They entered without knocking. The outer room was deserted, the light having been set in the window to show the expected comers the way. At the sound made

by their entrance, however, a woman came from the inner room.

"Oh, doctor, I'm so glad you've come. I don't know what to make of baby."

"Well, Sarah, what seems to be the trouble?"

"I don't know. There, Joey, help doctor brush the snow off his clothes. It's a fearful night out, sir."

Then followed some questions and answers as to the child's condition and the two went into the inner room. Beside the one big bed where the sick child lay in company with the two others, and whereunto Joey was hastily preparing to betake himself, the only other furniture was an old-fashioned bureau and two wooden chairs. On one of the chairs which was drawn up near the bed, a small lamp had been placed. It gave forth a dim, feeble light and, instead of dispelling the darkness, seemed rather to call the shadows to gather more closely around.

"Where's Harry?" asked the doctor, as he placed the other chair by the bed and sat down.

"Gone with Frank to Cape Cod, fishing. They left two days ago."

But the doctor did not hear her answer. He had bent over the bed and the struggle had begun, the long struggle which was to last through all the weary night and end in the defeat (shall we call it?) which the crowding shadows and the wailing wind predicted.

At last he signed to the anxious woman that it was all over. She drew near the bed, caught up the little cold body and sank sobbing on the chair from which the doctor had just risen. Kissing it again and again, she pressed it to her breast and rocked herself back and forth in her grief. A sharper gust of wind, sweeping in from the harbor, shook the little house till it rocked on its slight foundation, and then, as if becoming aware of the human sorrow, it drew back and died away in a pitying wail. The doctor stood gazing compassionately at the weeping woman for a moment and then, with a passing glance at the unconscious sleepers in the bed, he stole softly from the room and left the house.

Outside, dawn had broken. The storm had abated in some

measure but the frowning sky still hurled dense clouds of snow-flakes into the gray, seething water. The wind, which had veered about to the north'ard, had not fallen off a notch, and seemed to carry with it a penetrating chill it had not possessed the night before. From the harbor came the fitful, dismal hooting of the fog horn and from the darkness at the foot of the cliff, low creaks and groans as the angry waters crushed thin ice cakes against the rocks.

—ISABELLE MONTGOMERY KINCAID, '11.

The Spirit of Unrest

It was a beautiful, green-and-gold afternoon, shadowy and sweet, and musical with the songs of birds. Along the dusty highway, a boy was hastening. For some time he hurried along, looking neither to the right nor the left. Presently, leaving the main road, he struck out across the fields and pastures, and headed straight for the woods. When he reached the edge of the forest, he paused a moment, in order that the spirit of the place might more fully possess him. Then, pushing through the bushes at the edge of the forest, he made his way into the deep, high woods, where all was cool and still. Throwing himself down upon a carpet of pine needles, he looked about him. On all sides stretched the long, dim aisles of the forest, filled with soft, green twilight. The air was still with a hush that was broken only by the soft dropping of pine cones and the rustling of branches. The boy listened intently, hoping to catch the notes of some woodland singer. Suddenly, deep down in the woods, a hermit-thrush began to sing. It was a deep note with a thrill in it, like a bell, slow and solemn. It spoke of solitude and of mystery, and it stirred the heart of the listener with vague, restless longings. There was a moment's pause, and then again that strange, mysterious

song rang through the quiet forest. The boy listened with quickened breath. Presently, springing up, he started in the direction of the sound, hoping to get a glimpse of the mysterious singer. But always the song sounded far ahead of him, and never did he seem any nearer to the shy musician. Finally, the notes ceased altogether, and abandoning all hope of seeing the singer, the boy turned and made his way out of the woods. Just as he was crossing the boundary line of the forest, there sounded once again, faint and far, from the heart of the forest temple, the hermits' evening hymn. The wild, haunting sweetness of the notes followed the boy and left in his heart a strange unrest.

What was it about the twilight song of the thrush that aroused these restless longings; and what was the nature of the unrest that stirred in the heart of the listener? Probably everyone in the world has, at some time in his life experienced these restless moments. Perhaps the unrest is aroused by the sound of a faraway train whistle, or the tolling of a distant bell. Or it may be that it is awakened by the surging of the ever-restless sea or the song of the wind. Did you ever, after a hard day's work, walk home in the winter twilight when the wind was blowing hard? From above, comes the dull roar of the wind, as it sweeps through the great, empty vault. It barely touches the treetops, making them bend and sway, and then it sweeps onward on its journey around the world. As you listen to the wind's subdued roar, there springs to your lips that beautiful verse: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit," and there stirs in your heart a vague unrest to match the restlessness of the warring winds.

What, then, is the meaning of this unrest? Or is it a vague, unmeaning thing that lights unconsciously upon the individual, just as the autumn leaves, shaken from the wind-stirred branches, skimming, dipping, and tilting as they fall, slowly settle down upon the earth, only the next instant to be blown away by a gust of wind to another spot? Is this unrest such a brief, accidental thing? Let us examine its nature for a moment. In the first place, we have seen that the restlessness is always called forth

by something possessing beauty, truth, power, or mystery; and the unrest of the human heart is always in the shape of a yearning or longing. What, then, is this unrest but a longing of the human soul for the good, the true, and the beautiful? But goodness, truth, beauty, and power are all attributes of the Divine Power. They are merely expressions of the Divine in the life all around us. Then the restlessness of the human heart is fraught with deep meaning. It represents the aspiration for a higher and nobler life. It is the reaching out of the human soul toward the Divine.

But even now we might ask: What is the value of this unrest? Doesn't it merely lure us on toward a Will-o'-the-Wisp we can never reach? Doesn't it fill the human soul with a longing for unattainable heights? No; this unrest has a definite value. We have learned in our study of chemistry that before a splinter of wood can be made to burn, it must be raised to a certain temperature. In the same way, the human soul must be raised to the kindling temperature before it can be lighted with the divine spark. The intense, uneasy longings that keep the soul in a perfect fever of unrest are a means of preparing the way for future progress. They arouse the individual out of contentment and ease and spur him on to greater achievement.

Since, then, in the case of the individual, unrest is one of the conditions of progress, we cannot but gain new hope when we consider the restlessness of large classes of society. The discontent of labor, the restlessness of women and the various forms of the social unrest, are commonly looked upon as unfavorable symptoms; but viewed from the standpoint of the meaning of unrest, they are full of promise. They are merely the result of an awakening of ambition, a longing for a higher standard of living.

But all these various forms of unrest—the unrest of the individual, the discontent of labor, and the restlessness of women—are but partial phases of the unrest of all human life. In the gradual uplift of mankind, the spirit of unrest has played an important part. Not only is it the invariable accompaniment of progress, but no progress is possible without it. It works upon the souls of men like the strange, unresting impulse that prompts

the unfolding of the rose. If you watch the blossoming of a rose, you will see the petals slowly unfurl, as though in answer to some mysterious voice that is calling, calling. In the same way, the spirit of unrest is summoning the human soul to growth and development. The present achievements of mankind are like a triumphant burst of music that ends on a high note, with imperfect close, hinting passionately at triumphs still loftier. And these loftier triumphs can surely be attained if we will always be on guard against ease and contentment, and, like the opening rose-bud, keep our hearts ever responsive to the call of the spirit of unrest.

—F. MARION LOUGEE, 1914.

Twilight

Twilight, and close of day,
Adown the quiet vale;
The daylight steals away
And e'en the shadows fail.

Afar the sun rays lighten
The western reach of sky;
And here the rose tints brighten
The flow'rets as they lie.

Twilight, and darkness deepens,
And gloom o'erdraws the sky,
And gently, gently creeping,
The night itself draws nigh.

The night, a span of blackness,
And then, perforce, the dawn,
For the God who is God of the darkness
Is the God alike of the morn.

* * * * *

Twilight, and close of life,
Adown the vale of peace;
Naught of sadness or of strife;
Of bitterness surcease.

Afar the world of men
Is flooded still with light;
But here without their ken
Is hov'ring close the night.

Twilight, and darkness deepens,
And misty grows the eye,
And gently, gently creeping,
The night of death draws nigh.

The grave, a span of blackness,
And then, perforce, the dawn,
For the God who is God of the darkness
Is God alike of the morn.

—BLYNN EDWIN DAVIS, 1913.

The Tainted Sword

The sunlight, streaming in thru the windows of the little house, showed an interior almost bare of furniture. The house contained a single occupant, an old man, whose hair was white as milk.

From boyhood, John Watkins, had held himself aloof from his mates. Only one comrade had ever broken into the secret life—Paul Selkirk. A half century had passed since the Civil War had wrought its havoc country-wide. Quite natural—just one of its tricks—that John should enlist with the North and Paul with the South. Quite natural that friends, as well as brothers, should take opposite sides and kill and maim each other. The deaths of John's father and mother; the deaths of Paul and his two older brothers (all the sons of a woman who had sacrificed her husband in the Mexican War)—these things were not especially unusual in a border state like Kentucky. After the war, young Watkins (since his home had been burned) had purchased a little land, built his hideous little red house thereon, and had become as much of a recluse as it is possible to become in a fairly thickly settled country village. Inasmuch as the sympathies of the inhabitants of Scarborough had inclined somewhat towards the South, he gradually came to be spoken of, not as "Captain Watkins," but as "Long John" Watkins. Many whispers had gone round lately that Long John wasn't "quite right in his head." No one cared—except, it may be, thru fear. Not strange that an old man, tho a half century had dragged by, should still hold himself aloof from his mates! Especially if, in imagination, he continuously saw and heard and lived again a battle—the battle of battles to him—and saw thru the mist a new-made mound, with a pine slab for a headstone, saw this mound among the hundreds, while the setting sun shone blood-red thru the autumn branches and its light danced along his sword.

On this particular autumn morning, these thoughts were again in sway.

Inside the house there hung upon two wooden pegs a sword. The sunlight flashed along the blade, and the old man watched the beams play upon the steel, as they found their way in thru the restless leaves of a poplar standing just outside the window. Long John, again, was thinking strange things. The sword was red to him, red with blood drops! Strange, absurd thought, this! Still, he could not seem to rid himself of it. It grew on him.

As thoughts of that great war of the Rebellion were accustomed to chase one another thru his brain, always the mind dwelt longer on one battle than on all others combined. Fighting and hardships and privations and more fighting! And, at last, Five Forks!—that was the order. Five Forks! There, had he led the charge!

The charge! The mad charge! Up the hill! A hundred yards—half-way! Three men for one, now, and they had them! Three for one! Three for one is not a bad exchange, if three raw recruits can bring down one Southern sharp-shooting dog! Up! Up! Up! How they fall! What marksmen—the rebels! Up! Up! Still! They falter? What matter? Only a handful! The bayonets! The bayonet will stop the dogs of hell! The seasoned troops! Confusion of sounds, of sense! The smoke, the din, the half-seen sights! The bayonet, the good bayonet! Falter they? Falter? Now? At them—like men! Every man for himself—. On, on! Trampling the dead and dying beneath their feet, cursing and cheering by turns! Confusion, smoke, a hard man to kill!—a lucky stroke! The routing of the rebels! Victory! Who cares how dear? That last rebel—how he fought! (Up to that time, he had not known Paul's regiment,—only that he had joined the hated ranks). Then, thru the mist, a new-made mound, a pine slab, upon which he had cut the name "Paul Selkirk," a blood-red sun, showing dull and dead thru the autumn branches, and—a tainted sword that had killed the one friend.

Thus did the old man's thoughts run their accustomed course this morning—only he could not shut them out this time. So, he sat and watched the sword, while the cycle of memories sought vainly an end.

And, as he watched, again he heard that "drip"—"drip"—"drip," on the red, hard-wood floor! Could see the blood-flow, too, as it slipped off the bright blade! Slow-steady! Slow—steady! How it spattered! Ugh! Instinctively, his feet drew back. The "drip"—"drip" went on. The sun burned in thru the restless leaves of the poplar. The slow-ticking, old clock gave forth a most uncanny sound, premonitory to striking the hour.

On hearing the clock, the old man started—then understood.

He rose from his chair, more disgusted with himself than afraid. Pshaw! He would throw the thing away. Bury it so deep—.

He took the sword down from its pegs. The sun no longer reached it and, at once, it seemed so harmless, so much to him, that old war-sword, that his fears vanished as completely as any ghost. Why should he ever think such things? He would not be so foolish again!

But—he recollected that this was the third time that he had taken down the sword and reached the same conclusion! Yes, he would remove the accursed thing from his sight—forever! His reason was more than his sword!

He got up to go out when, suddenly, came to his ears the sound of someone singing. The voice was that of Old Lady Selkirk. The voice, cracked and tremulous—anything but musical—was, nevertheless, full of a strange mingling of hope and trust and fortitude. The words were those which she had sung for years, but never quite so lustily it seemed—“The Battle Hymn of the Republic.” Long John Watkins listened. The thought, quick, like the sting of a bullet, flashed into his head—he had heard it mentioned the day before—that she was on the following afternoon to be taken to the poor-house. And she was singing the praises of God! She, who had given all her kin: a husband, and three sons, two sons to the North and one to the South, as they had heard the call. She, who had given of her life for **this**, now sang full lustily with patriotism and faith!

The old man went back into the house. He put the sword back upon its pegs and the sunlight flashed along the blade. The old man stood a moment as one hypnotised, again watching the sword, while the beams played upon the steel. Then he started suddenly from his fascinated stupor, as a young soldier, dreaming of his sweetheart, starts at the call to arms. The soldier knows his duty must be performed before he may dream again.

* * * * *

Late that afternoon, the lawyer of the village, drawn by curiosity or something else, drove up to the little red house. He had been strongly impressed by the strange mood of its owner, who had been to him several hours earlier and had had his will made,

leaving all his money to old Mrs. Selkirk, and making no provision whatever concerning the house. There had also been a hint that the lawyer should call the next time he drove that way—that afternoon, any time, the sooner the better.

Upon reaching the house, the lawyer rapped loudly on the faded red door. Receiving no response, he finally opened the door to go in.

He saw an old man, a sword, and much blood. The setting sun shone red against the big mirror hanging on the opposite wall. The floor, the table, the chairs—everything glared red.

—LAWRENCE C. WOODMAN, 1914.

Maine Weather

Maine weather! One not acquainted with the joy of this prominent feature of Maine's charm would hardly think this subject particularly interesting or fruitful. But what a feeling of joy, not unmixed, however, with sorrow, passes through the mind of a person who has summered and wintered in Maine!

Perhaps the long, drowsy, smoky, purple days of autumn may be the first to greet the new arrival. He glories in the harmony of the yellow-brown trees or the radiance of the scarlet; he tramps the highroad, or dreams away the sultry afternoon on some gently rippling lake; he thinks, in his ignorance, that this is the much discussed Maine weather.

Then, one morning, he peeps from his window to see the ground fast whitening, and large, delicately cut snowflakes floating down. This is merely one more of the happy surprises.

"Bur-r-r! What can be the matter with that furnace?" he asks himself some mornings later, as he climbs shivering from his warm bed into his dark, icy room.

"Fine winter morning! Just a tinge of frost in the air," he hears outside his window.

"Well, rather," he comments inwardly, and hugs the radiator.

It doesn't sound the least bit cheering when a neighbor kindly remarks, by way of encouragement, that it is "only fifteen below, lots colder coming." He determines to start for sunny climes on the next train, but there seems to be an unconscious fascination in this new department of the Weather Bureau. It is cold, of course, but one could put on three or four extra sweaters.

The "cold snap" may continue for a fortnight or even longer, but suddenly without the least warning, the weather changes its mind, a gentle, drizzling rain begins, the water in the streets runs in rivers, umbrellas jostle one another on the corner, and woe betide the man who is caught with one of those extra sweaters—and no rain-coat.

"Nothing but a January thaw," is the gracious reply to the puzzled questioner, and he immediately decides that a "December freeze" is the thing most desired by the community in general.

The snow begins to depart, fairly runs away to hide its face in mud, as if ashamed to be seen in such fine, warm, spring weather, although it is only the first of March. Sleighs fast disappear, and enterprising automobilists spatter through the deep mud, trailing oozy ruin in their wake. The old settlers shake their heads and murmur "mōre snow," but the new arrival laughs at their ill-timed croaking and decides to buy a new spring suit the next day.

Next day, every back yard appears a miniature fairyland. The boughs of the trees are bent low, old picket fences are pearly, glistening white, and a tiny diamond quivers on the tip of each bush twig. "New Arrival" humbly wades off down street with tears in his eyes and a handkerchief in each hand, but while cursing his cold, he cannot but admire the beauty all about him.

The early spring predicted is rather tardy in showing its much desired face. Hot days and cold days follow each other at irregular intervals. Summer hat and fur coat, muff and linen suit hobnob in the ice-cream parlor. The New Arrival is nearly ready to depart from the joys of this life, when Spring, the real, the

long-looked for, bursts upon him. The birds begin their conventions in the fast-budding trees; the painters and carpenters drum up trade; and the milliner looks expectant. Everything sings the glad tidings that Spring is here.

Who can find fault with the Maine summer, that thing sought for from east and west, north and south? The pleasures of this God-sent season can never be described by mere words. Let the "doubting Thomas" try it. To be sure, Maine weather is varied, but he who knows it best would not change its unexpected treats for the placid sameness of any southern land.

—AMY LOUISE WEEKS, 1913.

The Price of Power

In silent wonder and awe a man and a woman are bending reverently over the marvellous product of years of patient toil. What miracle have they performed! The tiny grain of yellowish metallic substance before them is sending off millions of electrically-charged particles, moving with such tremendous velocity that they look like myriads of twinkling stars revolving rapidly through space. Is this in very truth a miracle?

Ah, no! This is simply an exhibition of magnificent power and Professor Curie and his wife have paid the price of that power. For this wonderful radium which they have discovered was obtained only after long years of constant and untiring energy.

If now, power in the inanimate world can only be obtained at so great a price, should we not expect to pay at least as much for power in the realm of life?

And yet how often do we hear men bemoaning their lot and crying out against the "cruel fate" which has placed them in the

world at such an unpropitious moment; longing for power, yet never for a moment thinking of paying the required price. Is Fate to blame for our lack of power when we fail? Listen! The great Shakespeare says:

“The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.”

Should we expect to get something for nothing? As well go into a jeweller's shop, demand the finest diamond to be had and then curse the jeweller because he refuses to hand over the ring without first receiving the required price.

The desire for power is not unnatural. It is, perhaps, one of the strongest attributes of the human mind, and in one form or another is it not something which every living soul yearns to possess? With one man the longing may be for physical power, with another for intellectual power, while still a third man's heart's desire is the possession of spiritual power. Without this longing there would be no progress. The world would stand still and men would remain forever “underlings.”

Yet the attainment of power is possible to every human being who is able and willing to pay its price. Our Heavenly Father does not mock His children with longings and aspirations for things which they never can attain. On the contrary, He has given to every human soul the ability to become whatsoever it will, upon only one condition—that the required price is paid.

What, then, we may ask, is the price of power? Simply this: Work—good, hard, patient, unremitting toil. Nothing worth while was ever accomplished in this world without hard and painstaking effort. Lack of power is due more to lack of industry than to any other single cause. Men with only average ability who possess dogged persistence and a genius for industry will become men of power while their more gifted but indolent brothers are living lives of impotence. All the forces in the universe seem to serve the man who is determined to win and is not afraid to work. “God helps those who help themselves,” and thus the toiler draws down power from the skies.

Is it not always with feelings almost akin to awe that we re-

gard those few strong souls, who, by infinite pains and labor, have attained to a high degree of power? We look up and see them on the heights, but we do not stop to ask ourselves how they got there. We are inclined to regard them as more favored than ourselves and to overlook the fact that

“They, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

Like the radium, great power is rare and those who get it must pay a great price.

The kinds of power are as many and as varied as are the forms of human activity, yet each one of them, whether physical, mental, spiritual, or of whatever kind, has a definite price which must be paid before we can call the treasure ours.

Who has not been swayed by the magic power of some great musician? And how we have envied him his skill, forgetting that no matter how much natural ability he may have possessed, the mastery came only after long years of patient drudgery!

All about us we see examples of a fair degree of power, yet since the world began we have had but a single instance of perfect power. The life of Christ revealed to humanity the fact that perfect power is possible. Yet even Christ had to pay the price of His power. Thirty years of that divine life were spent in preparation for the three short years of public service which lifted the world from darkness into light. And then came the last great price—the awful agony of the Cross. Ah, terrible indeed was the price, yet the power of that one perfect life will live till eternity, its divine rays lighting the pathway of millions of struggling souls and revealing to them the secret of the only power worth while.

And the time will yet come when all mankind will be able and willing to pay the price of power. And then, like the tiny piece of radium, or the wondrous life of Christ, their lives will send forth only radiations of power, for our desires are realized and the gift is ours, the moment we have paid the price.

—MARGUERITE E. LOUGEE, 1913.

The Lucky Switch

Big Duncan McNeil swung gaily along the street, health and gladness in every movement of his great, splendidly muscled body. And did he not have good reason to be happy? He was on his way to take No. 13, the next train to the famous White Express itself, on its two hundred mile run from Alta to the coast. When Sinclair, who was running the Express, retired, which would be soon, for Sinclair was a veteran in the service, McNeil would be in line for his run, the most coveted run on the road. Duncan McNeil was a young man, but his skill in running an engine, amounting almost to genius, and his dare-devil courage, which was yet tempered by an instinct which told him when to dare and when not to dare, had raised him rapidly to his place as the best engineer on the line.

In addition, there was Annie Norman, the little Scotch lassie who was more to Duncan than anything else in this world. An orphan since boyhood, the young engineer had centered his affections on his old playmate, until now his dreams seemed likely to be realized, for Annie had promised to name the day for their wedding. So, as Duncan swung into the cab of his engine, he was happy. He was still happy as his train swept through fields of grain, through woods and by lakes on its way to the city by the sea. His spirit was not dampened by the fierce thunder-storm which arose, and driven by the wind, kept pace with him as he rushed along. Indeed, he gloried in its wild thunder and incessant lightning. At Southark he had to wait ten minutes for the first section of the White Express. He smlied as he read his orders to meet the second section at Euton. Once more his engine became a thing of life at his touch. Darker grew the sky and louder raged the storm, yet Duncan laughed and exulted in its fury. But, suddenly, as he swept around the curve where forests of pine hid the coming track, he saw another headlight flash into view. To shut the throttle, push back the reverse, and jam on the brakes, seemed one movement, so swiftly were they done. But the impetus of the two trains was too great, and they came together, like two mailed knights of olden time in deadly conflict.

But at the first shock the mailed warriors were both unhorsed and their armor strewed the ground. The prompt action of the two engineers saved much of the loss of life, yet it was a fearful wreck, and many there were who did not live to tell the tale. The engineer of the White Express was killed instantly. Duncan, who had stuck to his engine, was thrown out of the wreck.

For many days he was unconscious; when he came to himself he was told that the telegrapher had proved that he (McNeil) had disobeyed his orders and run by the signals. The orders had been destroyed, he could prove nothing in self defense. For six months he was laid off; then he was taken on again as an extra on the yard engine.

The blow to his pride was almost unbearable; he, who had held his head so high among his fellows, was forced to begin his life again, yet not again, for it was amid the same surroundings as before, with his old reputation to make him ashamed of his present position. He might have left the road and gone to work on another, you say? Yes, but three things held him back. In the first place, tradition was strong. His father had worked for the road from its beginning, had spent his manhood in its service and had died at his post for its honor. To Duncan, every telegraph pole along the line spoke of the days when he had ridden with his father, of the time when he had begun to fire under his father's direction. As by invisible hands, his memories held him.

Secondly, there was Annie Norman. Yet here another grief had laid its hand heavily upon him. Annie, when his trouble had come, had declared that she could not and would not marry a man who was almost a murderer. Yet still she held him there; he could not bear to go away where he would not know what was happening to her.

And lastly, his own pride forbade him to go. Here he had risen; here he had fallen from his high position; here he would rise again even higher than before. He would prove to those who now frowned upon him of what metal he was made. True, he still had many loyal friends, who believed that he had not been in the least to blame, but there were many who had been jealous of his rapid rise, and who now, even if they did not openly rejoice in his

downfall, were inclined to believe that there was a certain poetic justice which was bringing him the evil as well as the good. But Duncan McNeil stuck stubbornly to his work, no matter what friends or enemies said. For a year he worked on the shifter; then he was given a chance to run on a gravel train, hauling sand from the gravel pit to repair the roadbed. To Duncan such a position seemed far removed from the White Express, yet it was a step upward; so he took it. And three months afterward came his chance to redeem himself. The gravel train was running as a regular train between Alta and Seboin, a distance of fifteen miles. Therefore, according to schedule, Duncan pulled out of Alta with a train of empties at 1.30 on a beautiful afternoon of early spring. The calmness and joy of the day soothed his spirit, hardened and saddened by his experiences. As he ran along he thought of the time when he should regain his former position.

The gravel pit was two miles from Seboin. As Duncan climbed the hill just before the side track to the gravel pit, he thought he heard a distant whistle, but, pulling out his watch, decided that he must have been mistaken, as no train was due at that time. He reached the top of the hill and began the descent, running slowly, in order to be ready for the sharp curve at the entrance to the pit. As he neared the foot of the long hill, he heard again the whistle, near at hand this time, and then around the curve, saw a passenger train coming swiftly toward him. On the single track a collision seemed inevitable, as no human power could stop the two trains before they crashed into one another. Instantly Duncan reached for the throttle and reverse, but even as he did so, another thought flashed into his mind, and instead of closing the throttle, he opened it wide, and with the other hand released the brakes. At once the train began to gain in speed. But could it gain fast enough? By every means in his power, in the few moments at his command, Duncan urged his engine onward. Faster they flew, and faster, till they struck the open switch to the gravel pit. Madly the engine rocked as it struck the tangent, yet she took the switch, and followed by the reeling empties, swung into the cut, only to fall on her side as the

switchman threw the switch behind her, while the pilot of the passenger almost grazed the last empty.

"What do you mean, Duncan McNeil, by coming in here like that?" demanded Mike Casey, the engineer of the steam shovel, angered by what he thought Duncan's reckless running. But his words died in his throat as he saw the passenger train climbing the grade. Duncan's train was on its side; the engine had rolled half over; the hiss of escaping steam filled the air. Help had to be summoned from Alta, and while the wrecker was reaching the scene of action, Duncan lay directly in the path of the steam, pinned down by his engine. When it was removed, it was found that while he was severely burned, he was not otherwise injured. The other members of the train crew miraculously escaped from serious injury, although all of them were obliged to spend a few days in the hospital.

The next morning as Duncan lay, swathed in bandages, in the hospital, he closed his eyes in order to keep to himself his bitter thoughts at the last rough blow given him by fate. But as he lay there, he heard a soft voice, murmuring "Duncan," and, opening his eyes, he saw Annie standing beside him.

"Oh, Duncan," she cried, "I am so proud of you now! And you will forgive me for being so cruel, won't you Duncan?"

"I don't understand," whispered Duncan.

"You are a hero now, Duncan. That was the president's special that you saved yesterday. And the despatcher has confessed that he gave you the wrong orders before, and you are to have the White Express as soon as you can run it!"

"I am very glad," smiled Duncan, "but there is one thing that I want more than that, Annie. May I have it now?"

And Annie, bending down, pressed her lips to Duncan's.

—ROXANNA ELIZABETH SPILLER, 1912.

The Ships

In reverie here by the restless sea,
While the sun's soft rays are paling,
I am watching the sea-gulls flying free
And the ships go sailing, sailing.
Far, far away from the headland steep,
Out where the wild wide waters sweep,
Away out there on the blue, blue deep,
While the sun's soft rays are paling;
With every sail unfurled, they go,
Glistening gold in the sunset glow,
Far out where salt, sweet breezes blow;
Over the rim of the world they go,
The ships go, sailing, sailing.

—PETER I. LAWTON, 1910.

A Bachelor's Romance

“Rumble, grumble, crumble, rumble,” hummed the old cook as she clattered the pots and pans. “Rumble, tumble, bumble, grumble.” The ceilings and walls echoed this dismal chant as I sat resting from a day's labor in the fields. I was a country bachelor and gained a meagre living by the plow. I lived, with my ancient cook, in a ramshackle cottage built a century ago. The cottage was full of mysterious corners and cupboards. It had locked doors that barred unused rooms, and the credulous country villagers believed them to be haunted. The furnishings were dingy and worn, and everything had the appearance of great age.

But in spite of these defects I loved my humble home, and would have been contented, if one cruel circumstance had not existed in my life. I had always been misjudged by my neighbors,

and because of self-conceit and timidity, I had not had the strength of mind to live down their prejudiced opinions. When a youth, my bashfulness and timidity had been ignorantly misjudged as obstinacy and pride, and this judgment had continued and grown strong. It had always been necessary for me to work hard on the farm in order to keep alive, and I had not received an opportunity to leave my home people. They had stamped me as harsh and cold, and harsh and cold I was externally, but within my heart burned for friendship and good-cheer.

I was sitting alone on one of two wall-seats which ran out from either side of the fireplace, and I was recalling the events of the day, and longing for a companion to cheer my lonesome evenings. Suddenly, as I looked across the fire, I saw a beautiful face peering into my own, the face of a beautiful woman who was seated on the opposite wall-seat. How she had entered the room without disturbing me I shall never know; but there she sat, gazing at me across the fire. An attack of my old shyness urged me to leave, but she smiled and beckoned to me across the hearth. Her strange, enticing eyes drew me on, and finally, we met and embraced.

"At last, I have a companion and shall be happy," I thought, as we sat watching the darting flames in the fireplace. The flames leaped and roared, but the happiness of my heart was stronger and fiercer than they. The long hoped-for desire of my life had come true.

We sat there for a long time until the flames grew dim and the embers smouldered. "I must go, now," she said, "but I will come again tomorrow night, if you will watch the flames as I enter, and as I now leave. Promise this to me." I promised, and she left.

On the next evening she stole behind me, as I sat in front of the hearth. Her mysterious entrance did not seem unusual to me, because I was so happy. We talked and watched the flames until they died away. "Shall I come tomorrow night?" she asked, lingering by my chair. "If you do not, I will not live. O, come!" "Then watch the flames," she said, and disappeared.

On the next evening, I sat again, gazing into the fireplace and listening to the wind roaring up the chimney. I was waiting for my guest to come and it was growing late. I glanced across the fireplace. There, peering over the hearth, was her face, smiling to me as she had done on the first night. Nothing was visible except her face, and I rushed to it madly. She drew back upon the seat quickly, and to my surprise, I saw a huge, roughly-dressed man in the further corner. He stepped over to me, and said: "See here, Mister, being as my lady-friend, here, and myself has had a sight of misfortune and trouble, having had sickness and big bills, we wondered if you wouldn't be kind to us and subscribe for a one-volume reference work, thereby helping us unfortunate people and getting a fine book for yourself. And you can kindly pay ten dollars in advance to us now."

"Great Jupiter!" I screamed, "another book-agent scheme! After all of my dreams. I'll never take the book." A low growl sounded behind me, and as I glanced around, an ugly bull-dog was preparing to leap on my back. "All right; I'll take it. Here's your money. You've got the best of me." The woman took the bills, laughing shrilly at my trembling hands. Her coarse companion whistled to his dog, and they left.

Disappointed and lonely, I resumed my seat, and watched the flames die down. The wind roared up the chimney, the boards creaked, the cups and saucers rattled, and the old cook hummed, "Rumble, grumble, mumble, rumble."

—WILBERT S. WARREN, 1914.

Friendship

Then what is friendship? But a cup to hold
The golden wine of words, fair-spoken praise,
Endearments tender, cheering when the days
Are dark; a book wherein our secrets old
We write, and know the page will ne'er unfold
Our confidence; a light in this dim haze
Of half-seen shapes to guide our feet in ways
Of safety? Nay, not half of friendship's told.
It is a cord of two strands twisted well
That bears what neither strand alone could bear
And still but twists more tightly with each strain,
The cord that, though we've fallen even to Hell
And shudder in the dark caves of despair,
Securely draws us back to Heaven again.

—GULIE A. WYMAN, 1910.

The Two Voices

It was a dismal dreary day in the latter part of October. The sky was overcast, and gray, low-hanging clouds threatened an autumn storm. The leafless trees along Skinner Street stretched their gaunt limbs out to the dull sky and swayed mournfully as the wind howled through them. The dust and dead leaves whirled in eddying clouds. The flying dust, however, did not conceal from the curious villagers who passed along the street that a fluttering lavender ribbon and a green wreath hung upon the door of old Esau Hawkins's little one-story cottage.

For sixty years this little dwelling and its occupant had been objects of curiosity in the village, and this crepe on the door in no wise lessened the interest. There was no question as to who

was dead, for but one person had lived in this cottage in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. That person was Old Esau Hawkins. Of course, the "Old" wasn't really a part of his name, but no one could remember when Esau hadn't been old in appearance as well as name. So, "Old Esau" he was, to everyone in the village. But that "Old" implied more than age to most of the villagers. The ill-mannered children thought it a good taunting prefix as they called out after him,

"Old Esau Hawkins,
Don't wear no stockings."

Indeed, Old Esau didn't wear any stockings, and only a part of a pair of shoes. Winter and summer, year after year, he slouched about in sandals that looked worn enough to be the cast-off property of some ancient Egyptian.

The more mature people of the village regarded Old Esau with various sentiments. Some of the more superstitious regarded the shaggy-bearded old man as a veritable wizard, and told tales about his prowling around the woods at night, collecting magic herbs. Old Esau seldom went out during the day and this fact, of course, contributed to the mystery. Many and many a time he had been seen walking slowly and stealthily around his house in the dead of night, uttering a queer half-audible chant, which was generally considered to be a nocturnal conversation with evil spirits. Other strange uncanny stories had been narrated about the black cats that came from all parts of the village at certain new moons and held midnight concerts on the old man's roof, and about strange lights that flitted about the yard like fairy lanterns. Some declared that they had heard the old man talking and singing in his house when they could see him walking outside. If you had asked these good people for any proofs of these strange happenings they would doubtless have been at a loss to give them to you, but, nevertheless, they firmly believed them. At all events, the taunting children dared not taunt at night, nor dared pass the house, except on the opposite side of the street. Less superstitious people declared that old Esau was merely an eccentric old miser, though where he could

get the money to hoard, since he had never been known to work in sixty years, was an open question.

One thing however, was known to be true—that he liked to sing, and that he did sing frequently. He seemed to amuse him—get the money to hoard, since he had never been known to work woman from a neighboring village, who occasionally came to see him. She, by the way, was more or less an object of curiosity herself.

Day after day Esau's cracked old voice could be heard singing various old songs and hymns but most frequently it was,

"Love of Jesus all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine."

There was at times sincerity and feeling in the old voice that was pathetic, but usually the voice sounded forth monotonously, with a lifeless metallic ring to it.

To-day Old Esau was dead and the mystery of his life was still unsolved. Although his house had been free from company during his life, it was crowded on the afternoon of his funeral. The village people gathered, sad to say, mostly from pure curiosity. Each one entered with an awed feeling that grew upon him as he looked at the corpse of the friendless old man lying in the coffin. For the first time, the villagers experienced a feeling other than curiosity toward Old Esau. They pitied him because of his former loneliness, but what fascinated them all was the mystery of his life.

Solemnly the minister spoke:

"We know little of the life of this man who has just passed to the great beyond, but we feel certain that according to his light he lived worthily and well. Often have I heard him singing the sweet old hymns of the church. Especially did he like to sing the hymn beginning 'Love of Jesus'—"The familiar cracked old voice of the man lying in the coffin took up the words: "Love of Jesus all divine," and finished the hymn.

The minister's hands, which held his Bible, dropped to his sides, and his face became as white as that of the corpse before him. A deathly silence took possession of the people, while a

startled "Heaven keep us" broke from the lips of an old deacon. All eyes were turned upon the dead man's face, but he lay motionless, with unspeaking lips. Still the quavering voice went on. The assembly drew back in horror. Could it be Old Esau's spirit singing at his funeral? Wide-eyed the people gazed, and yet another shiver of horror ran over them as a curtain behind the coffin trembled slightly and drew back. An involuntary groan came from them as they gazed in a fascinated stupor at the wavering curtain. Three times it drew partly back and then fell again with an uncanny motion that struck terror to their hearts. The minister dropped on his knees and began to pray. After an almost interminable time, as it seemed to the waiting assembly, the curtain drew aside and disclosed in a corner—a graphophone and beside it the mysterious woman from the neighboring village. In a few words she explained the episode as a whim of the half-crazy old man, who had made her promise to carry out his wish. One by one the people departed, satisfied that the mystery of Old Esau Hawkins' two voices was at last solved.

—ALETHA ROLLINS HARMS, 1913.

An Extract from a Translation of Goethe's Faust

The Poet's Dedication:

Again ye near, oh, wav'ring forms of vision,
Who early once to my sad glance were shown;
To hold ye this time, be it with precision?
Or to this craze does still my heart feel prone?
Ye're pressing near: ah, well, may't be your mission
Through fog and mist to make me hear your tone.
My bosom, by your nature's magic shaken,
Once more feels all the joys of youth awaken.

And with ye come the thoughts of joyous days:
Thus many a dear friend's shade doth reappear.
Just as in these old, time-worn, fading lays,
First Love and Friendship as their tale I hear.
My pain renews. The winding erring ways
Of life remind me of my bitter tear.
They're called by name, these good ones, ah, deceived
Of joys by fate; they're gone; I am bereaved.

No longer do they listen to my song,
These souls, to whom my verses once I sung.
Dissolved, indeed, is all the friendly throng;
The first rehearsal, oh! all faded, rung.
The unknown masses bear my plaint, now long;
Though they're approving, fear my heart has stung.
All those who then had liked my thoughts well versed,
If still alive, err in the world dispersed.

But I am seized with unaccustomed hoping;
That quiet, ernest spirit-realm I seek.
Like those on an Aeolian harp you're groping,
My notes in doubtful, plaintive song are meek;
A tremor holds me; tear with tear is coping.
My heart, though firm, it feels so soft and weak.
What I possessed appears so far away,
All things that vanished now as truths hold sway.

Prelude in the theatre.

Director.

So often you have helped me, stretched out an aiding hand;
What hope have we, oh, poet, clown, here in the German land?
The crowd I wish to favor, the crowd that let's us live.
Seats, stage, and mass are ready for us the play to give.

Comfortably are seated the people in the chair,
Their eyebrows high, uplifted, to praise our acts played fair.
I thought I knew to flatter the viewers spirit, mind,
Yet this is overwhelming, there's nothing I can find.

The best they are not used to; they've read a fearful lot,
How can we make old, novel; give splendor to the plot?
Indeed, I wish the masses into the booth to pour;
Thus overwhelming, coming to crowd the narrow door.

And early in the morning I see that day at four
The ticket-box so crowded, and still they're coming more.
By elbowing and pushing they're rushing from behind,
Eager, oh, so eager to fill their wand'ring mind.

And just as in a famine folks crowd the baker's door,
They'll stretch out for their tickets, although their necks be sore.
But now, oh friends, do help me; do find for me some way;
Go, proceed, be active; compose it now, to-day.

Poet.

Oh, of that mixture do not speak to me;
From this my sight that busy mass conceal.
One glance alone makes inspiration flee;
Celestial nook of silence, I'll to thee,
Where to the poet may pure joy appeal,
Where Love and Friendship, heart's grand blessing,
God's hand that made it fills with caressing.

Oh, all that from our inner soul has sprung,
Ill-fated now and now perhaps succeeding;
All that the lip has shyly lulled, has sung,
Wild moment's might devours, on this it's feeding.
The knell of worthy toils oft long has rung;
Now it's complete, in honor now it's leading.
All things that shine are short-lived, truthless;
Age stands for truth, age is not ruthless.

Clown:

*
Posterity and age to me, please, do not mention.
Assume posterity were taking my attention,
Who'd then give pleasures to our fellow-men?

These they desire, and these they even crave.
The presence of an artful jester brave
Is, I should think, of value even then.

For if the poet's mind to please does trend,
His life the people's whims cannot embitter.
He is desirous, yea, of many a friend
Whom to impress, he thinks, is surely fitter.
Let phantasy, intelligence, and passion,
And sentiment, and reason lack no zest;
Remember well, that gay minds eas'ly fashion
Good thoughts to verse and make them seem the best.

Director.

But first give them sufficient for their fee.
Folks come to look and much they wish to see.
If many a trick before the crowd is done,
So that the wond'ring mass will stop their fun,
Forthwith the world at large you will have won;
You'll be a much-respected, (much-loved) man.
The mass you force by mass; of else there's none.
And each one will select his favorite part.
Whoe'er brings much will have for every one
And satisfied for home they will depart.
Scenes make a play; so give it all in scenes.
Such medley, Sir, to you good fortune means;
As easily presented as thought out.
If you present a whole, the crowd may doubt,
This audience here to criticism leans.

Poet:

You cannot feel how bad such business is,
How little this to real art befitting.
Those fellows' works, far from the goal amiss,
Let's you, methinks, the genuine be omitting.

Director:

Such a reproach with me has little might:
A man, who thinks to do the right,

Must keep the tools that always best are fit.
Remember, none but soft wood you've to split;
Just take a glance and see for whom you write;
For this one leisure hours have no might,
That one comes filled from some fine, well-set table;
And what I call the hardest p'ight,
Some come from journals, oh, of many a lable.
Confused they hasten here just as to masquerades;
So curious they, that winged seems their walk;
Themselves and their adornment, to this add dames and
maids,
Who without wages join in play and talk.
Why let your dreams be art's most noble peer?
With connoisseurs of art are these seats lined?
Look at the patrons from anear.
Some do not care; some not the least refined;
He after this hopes cards to play;

That one on some maid's bosom pass the night.
Why do you plague, poor fellow, say
For such a cause the muses, is it right?
I tell you give them more and more; give much;
Then you will never lose your own set goal.
Try to confuse the mass in heart and soul;
Content to them will never bring your touch—
What is it? Fascination? Is it pain?

—ARTHUR SHUBERT, 1914

In the Closed Room

M. Renault was glancing over his morning paper, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! Here is a case that may prove interesting. Listen:

"An attempt was made last night to murder M. Gauthier, a retired grocer. The whole affair is shrouded in the deepest mystery, as the only possible entrance for the murderer happened to be occupied at the time by his house-keeper. M. Gauthier escaped with a bad wound, and can give no account of his assailant other than that he was very powerful, and was gone as suddenly as he came. The house-keeper and neighbors testify to hearing a revolver shot." and then came the usual details.

My friend jumped up and prepared to go out. "Want to come along?" he asked.

Seeing that he intended to visit the scene of the crime just read, I gladly agreed. M. Renault and I were old friends. We had gone through school together, had decided to live the life of single blessedness together, and had made a fairly good livelihood from our practice as lawyers in Marseilles. My friend was also very much interested in the investigation of the half-hidden mysteries that puzzle even the professional detective, and so I could sympathize with his eagerness at this new mystery.

Arrived at the house where M. Gauthier lived, we entered, with the permission of the police, who kept outside the crowd that through curiosity always collects at such a scene. M. Renault was evidently on good terms with the officers, for they immediately gave him permission to examine any part of the house that he wished. First he turned from the hall-way to the scene of the crime, the front room on the left. It had two windows, both in front, and was ventilated only by a grating that was fastened into the chimney. My friend tried to move this; but it was evidently firmly set in the mortar. The windows were of leaded glass, without sashes, and so could not be moved. The only other opening was the door by which we had entered.

M. Renault hastily surveyed the walls and ceiling, which

were intact save for the tiny bullet hole that pierced a picture-frame and the plaster behind. The bullet, the police said, had not been found, as it had evidently pierced the wall and fallen outside. The rest of the room was quite bare—no carpet, smooth wide-boarded floor, little furniture, and that of a heavy, old-fashioned character, and the fireplace—that was all.

M. Gauthier was in the house, and my friend asked to see him. He had not been very badly injured, but the long furrow of the bullet could be plainly seen when the bandage was raised.

"Tell us how it happened," suggested my friend, and the grocer began.

Seating himself in a heavy arm-chair beside the center-table, he told of his coming in, the night before, from an evening with friends. He had seated himself just as he sat now, and was deep in thought when suddenly he felt himself attacked by some indistinct object. As he leaped up, he upset and extinguished the light and the rest of the battle was carried on in darkness. Apparently his opponent had seized a revolver that had been on the table and nearly killed him in a chance shot in the dark. The noise, however, had so frightened the intruder that he seemed to have withdrawn by the same way he had entered. As to what that way was, M. Gauthier could offer no explanation, as he had almost immediately become unconscious, but it was evident from his manner that he had decided, for himself at least, that his assailant was hardly of a corporeal nature.

My scientific and legal friend apparently sympathized with him, although I knew that the supernatural explanation did not appeal to him. Thanking M. Gauthier for his trouble, he conducted him from the room, and then, having closed the door, searched the whole surface of the walls, floor, and furniture with the wonderful swiftness and minuteness characteristic of him. Finally, with a sigh as of content, he remarked:

"Well, the whole thing is solid—not a crack in the whole construction. I'll guarantee that there's no secret door in this business." And, knowing my friend's thoroughness, I of course agreed.

"Then the murderer must have come in through the door," I remarked. M. Renault did not answer. He remembered that

the newspaper had mentioned the fact that the door had been watched by the house-keeper at that time—so did I, for that matter—but I had thought that this had been merely a newspaper exaggeration, to make the mystery deeper. But no; she was also in the house, and in answer to our questions said that she was positive that no one could have left the front room after the revolver shot. Her room was on the right, corresponding to the one in which the crime had taken place. She had been awakened by a tremendous crashing and stamping, and had rushed into the hall. While she stood there, suddenly a revolver shot was heard, and then followed a thud—then, silence. The door remained closed, and after fearful hesitation, she entered timidly. The chair and lamp were upset, and her master lay stretched on the floor unconscious. She had replaced the chair, and raised him to it, when several of the neighbors, alarmed by the noise, came in. M. Gauthier was soon revived, and then a search was made for his assailant. Although the house-keeper was sure that no one had left the room, the house was searched. No one was found, and so the whole matter remained a mystery.

I must confess that I was completely bewildered. Here a man had been attacked and severely wounded in a closed room, and yet a moment later no sign of his assailant was to be found. I looked at M. Renault, who I had noticed had smiled rather oddly once or twice before—as when examining the bullet-wound—and now he was almost grinning. Surprised at his apparent callousness and yet trusting that in some way he had seen through the whole matter, I cried, "Why, what is there humorous about this? Can you tell us who the murderer was?"

"Why, yes," he answered, "the fiendish spirit that has so terribly frightened you all is there." He pointed at the fender, at each corner of which rose a pointed brass ornament. One was slightly discolored with a brown streak at the top.

"Why—why—but how did it happen?" exclaimed one of the police. M. Gauthier was evidently as mystified as myself.

"Well, as there was no crime, this is not a place for the police; however, we may satisfy their curiosity."

"M. Gauthier, are you not sometimes troubled with nightmare?"

"Why, yes, once in a long time," hesitantly answered M. Gauthier.

"Then, I suppose your 'evening out' with friends must have laid some grounds for a return of the trouble. Suppose, now, that you had fallen asleep in the chair. When attacked in your dream you struggled until nearly awake. I am sure we have all been in such a condition, when for a moment we do not know where we are, or what is real and what the dream. So, rising from your chair, and bewildered betwixt your imaginary assailant and reality, you continued the struggle, upsetting the lamp and chair, seizing and firing the revolver, and finally stumbling in the dark and striking your head on that ornament. It was purely your own actions that aroused the house-keeper."

Sheepishly the lately-excited police and "victim" bade us adieu.

"But how did you ever dream of such a queer explanation?" I asked my friend on the way home.

"Why, of course from the first I knew there was some rational explanation. I've never yet investigated a spirit or ghost that didn't turn out to be either a fake or an illusion. This one could not be an exception, although I soon found that no person could have entered or left the room. Finally, an examination of the wound where the bullet had grazed M. Gauthier's head, as he supposed, showed me that it was too wide to have been caused by a revolver-bullet. The fender-ornament showed what had caused it. That's all. It was perfectly obvious that M. Gauthier must have been the sole actor in his exciting little drama, and with that idea, I immediately hit on the explanation—which, I fear, was rather an anti-climax to the ideas the police had in mind."

—ARTHUR B. HUSSEY, 1914

The All-Quest

A modest wood anemone
Dwelt in a sylvan glade;
And all about, with romp and rout,
The elfin sunbeams played.

And by her side, on drooping stem,
With face of virgin blue,
Serene, amid the grasses green,
A violet nestled, too.

And as a rillet babbling on
To join the river's reach,
Would pause to ponder Nature's laws,
They chatted, each with each.

“Anemone, with brow of white,
Thy face is fair to see;
In love you scan the sky above—
Thine all is purity.
Anemone, with heart of hope,
In sooth, I envy thee.”

“Nay, Violet of perfumed prayer,
Beloved of the dew,
Cerulean glow of Heaven below,
Thou tellest God is true!
Yea, tender, tilting Violet,
I would that I were you!”

And ever, with its joyous lay,
The rillet tripped along—
“I flash; I glance; I dash; I dance;—
I flood the world with song!

I treble over groaning wheels—
The mist-mazed main's my quest,”
Yet, underneath its purling breath
‘Twas sighing, “Ah, to rest!”

* * * * *

Anemone and Violet,
And Rillet, as of yore;
Each blossom's here within its sphere—
The Rillet ripples lore—
They murmur, murmur, each to each—
Complaining o'er and o'er.

—C. V. CHESLEY, 1912

A Later "Hamlet"

The great American drama has not been so often heralded as has the great American novel, but of its coming we are no less sure. The audience for it is gathering even to-day. Many a man and woman of the thoughtful type which, a decade ago, spent evenings quietly at home with book or scholarly review, now answer the call of the theatre. Sitting unobtrusively among those who responded long ago, while the call was shrill or harsh, they help to bring the better plays that will sometime give place to the best. The appeal of the play is many-sided and powerful. It reaches the mind directly, by way of all the senses, instead of being transferred, as is a book, from the printed page by one sense alone. It has the dynamic force that springs from action. It brings a man into nearness with his fellows, if not into touch with them: it is social. The magic of the whole induces a pleasant and wholesome exhilaration. Moreover the play, being condensed to a degree books can never attain, is a great time-saver. Once drama flourished because men had leisure for it, as for many other things of strength and beauty; to-day it is chosen by many who have time for recreation of no other kind. The audience is already gathering. At some day there will arise a master-dramatist, one who will mould all things to his purpose. Upon his sensitive soul will flash the light of a scene, an episode, a character,—of another soul, perhaps, that shall waken him to highest creation. Then, when the master and his theme are met, will come forth the great American drama.

Though we cannot forecast the time of its appearance, we are yet able, gazing on the future through the glass of the past, to discern, if not its scope and scene, at least a dim outline of the personality around which it might be built.

In that deep mirror of the past we view the progress of the race. We see the great eastern nations, holding man of less value than the brute beasts; Egypt, building mercilessly with labor of tens of thousands; Greece, wonderful in her intellectual and aesthetic development, but unmoral and selfish; Rome at her height, magnanimously granting that all may worship what gods

they please after paying reverence to the deified beast on the imperial throne. We see the mediaeval church, embracing all nations, but binding them thereafter with iron bands of hypocrisy and superstition. We see the Reformation, early Protestant England, Puritan New England; onward to our own day. And in the evolution of our race we see as an essential element the gradual growth, not of loyalty or courage, but of fair mindedness: of the will as well as the power to grant to the other man rights and judgment, to see in him a fellow-being. Slow has been the advance,—sometimes has lapsed for centuries; yet from Israel beneath the lash, making bricks without straw, to the widening and deepening social spirit of to-day, how great is the change. Perhaps that deep mirror will sometime show a people who no longer echo the cry of constitutional government,—grand and necessary as it was when it rose: “A chance for us as well as the King!” but who live and work by the greeting, “For thee and them as well as me, friend.” In that day there will be no strife, no separation into parties, no need for partisanship.

As for this last, psychology tells us that a man cannot be absolutely non-partisan. But note, it does not say that man's capacity for joyous and full-hearted partisanship, such as now obtains, may not be lessened. Is not this diminution, indeed, precisely what must occur? For as the ability to see the merits on both sides of a question, to recognize justice in the plea of each of two contending, to admit one's neighbor's right as well as one's own, strengthens, in similar ratio must weaken the narrowness that sees but one side, feels but one's own claim.

In every age there have been men “ahead of their time,” in the eyes of the elders; hopelessly so, but grandly, too, for their names form the role of the great. In centuries to come there will be men in advance of their time. Of these men, one shall by-and-by be born, and grow to youth and manhood, whose mind and soul have gained the summit of the mountain ages old. A man he will be who sees with impartial sight the breadth and depth of life as well as the narrows and the shallows; sees the fallacy and pity of our earthly judgments; a man capable of judging, yet withholding his word; not a mere judicial-minded machine, slowly weighing with infinite care of scrutiny, and final-

ly choosing for self-advancement, but a man with breadth of mercy, depth of love, infinitude of hope,—and of tragedy. For look you, can the inner life of one who sees all the needless causes of suffering in life be anything but tragedy?

His position in the world will not matter. He may be an aged king, ruling wisely, but neither loved by his people nor understood; a young statesman of brilliant promise, deposed ere he reaches his full powers, by men less just than he; a school-master, loving and beloved, for children although themselves always eager to "take sides" can yet appreciate the attitude of the grown-up who does not. He may be an artist, trying to show men the needless sorrow caused by narrow sight. He may be a meditative "chore boy," or a beggar by the street corner. It will not matter: he will live.

Him the master mind will perceive, will seize upon, will re-create. In the work of the master the people will see the flower that had bloomed in the other's life. Then, the curtain fallen, every man will look with new comprehension upon his neighbors about him, for into each one's heart will have come a new gift of understanding.

—JESSIE HAGUE NETTLETON, 1910

Cradle Song

Hush thee now my darling!
Time to go to sleep.
Close thy weary eyes, love,
While the shadows creep.
Sunset's golden twilight
Now has turned to gray;
Rest in sweet repose, love,
Till the dawn of day.
Rocking, rocking, rocking,
Steady to and fro,
Up and down like father's ship
Tossed by winds that blow,
Sleep, my darling, sleep!

—CARRIE A. RAY, 1911

The Price of Peace

The twenty-fourth day of December was waning and the ground was covered with snow. A few large flakes were still fluttering slowly, silently downward, although the sky had cleared. The wind was humming in the chimney strange, weird songs and the cheerful blaze from the fire-place rose and fell in perfect rhythm to its music. Now it sank to a dull red glow, leaving the corners of the room in darkness, and now rose in bursts of flame, clearly revealing the rich furnishings of the room and the solitary man sitting before the hearth with a paper in his hand. Solitary, Judge Newton had been for years, save for the companionship of his dog, Towser, who now lay stretched out on the rug before the fire. Now and then the man held the paper out over the fire as if about to destroy it but each time he drew it back.

"Why should I?" he asked, speaking half aloud. "He brought it upon himself and was it not enough to save him from bankruptcy and disgrace?" He leaned back in his chair and looked thoughtfully into the fire. In its glowing light, he seemed to see the face of a woman of radiant beauty, her eyes beaming with quiet happiness. It was a face he had not seen for years and he began to wonder what changes time had wrought in its youthful beauty.—But hark! Above the noise of the wind frolicing in the chimney he heard the sound of bells. Softened by his thoughts of other days, he listened, but their joyful peals failed to awaken any response in his heart. Joy! Was there such a thing? Yes, there was no mistaking the look on the face of the woman pictured in the fire. It maddened him. Why had he missed the one thing in life worth while? The softened look gave place to one of grim determination and he grasped the paper more firmly in his hand. "She made her own choice," he said.

At these signs of returning consciousness in his master, the dog rose from his rug, stretched himself before the fire and went over to the man's side. He put one paw on his knee, seized the paper playfully in his teeth and looked up with pleading, brown eyes. "What! do you want it destroyed, too?" the man

asked bitterly. "I thought you would stand by me better than that." The dog, puzzled at his mood, released his hold of the paper and returned to his rug, where he kept one eye on his master. The fire rose and sent forth tempting flames in the direction of the paper. The man hesitated and again held it forth. He did not need it. Why not?—

The door opened softly and the maid announced a visitor. Hastily he put the paper in his pocket and arose. As he looked at the man in the doorway, the lines of bitterness about his mouth deepened, but in the waning light, the visitor did not notice. "Merry Christmas, Jack!" he cried in cheery tones as he entered the room and extended his hand; which greeting was coldly returned, as his host motioned him to a seat by the fire.

"How does it happen, Robert, that you come here tonight of all nights, when you should be rejoicing by your own fire side?" asked the Judge.

"Do you mean you have not guessed?" asked his visitor, Robert Bradlee. "I came to pay my debt to you and take home to Mary, the best of Christmas presents, the note, to burn on Christmas morning."

"You are late in payment," the Judge said coldly, after a pause in which he noted the well worn overcoat of his guest, the stoop in his thin shoulders and the lines of care above the eyes, that still looked forth with kindliness in spite of their habitual sadness, which tonight had almost disappeared.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "but I did the best I could. It was a big debt, but tonight every cent is paid and I am a free man before the world."

"I told you, you were a fool to assume that debt, Bob," (the old name slipped out unconsciously) "when there was no legal claim upon you."

"Yes, and at the same time advanced the money to pay it," added Bradlee. "Your words and deeds are very contradictory, Jack," with a note of tenderness in his voice. "But we must come to business now for I must take the next train back to Mary. So please get the note and I have the money."

There was a moment's hesitation. The Judge understood the sacrifice that must have been made to secure that payment.

He cleared his throat. "There is no note," he answered slowly. "It was cancelled long ago. Honesty pays many debts."

Robert Bradlee sank back into his chair. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"What do I mean?" asked the Judge. "What do you mean by coming here and offering me money? Do you think I don't know the price of that money, the sacrifices, the giving up of one pleasure after another, the years of toil—why man, it was a super-human effort to take that debt—and you insult me by offering me the result of that effort! I tell you, there is no note!"

For a few moments there was silence and then Robert Bradlee spoke, "Nonsense, Jack!, you cannot mean it, no man in his senses would give away such a sum. Do you think it is right to deprive me of the end for which I worked? In all my efforts there has always been before me the thought of the time when every cent should be paid and the last note destroyed."

"Every payment has been made and the last note destroyed," answered the Judge. Then in fiercer tones he added, "Can't you think of anyone but yourself? Think of Mary, your wife. She has earned as much of this money as you. All these years she has been sacrificing, economizing, going without those things women love, to satisfy her husband's exaggerated idea of honor. And now, if you persist in this madness and give me your last cent, her sacrifice will not cease. Keep it, give her a home, educate the children, get the comforts you all need. Bob, can't you see that it is of Mary and not yourself that we must think?"

The passion in the voice of the Judge sent Bob Bradlee's thoughts back to the days of their youth. "Jack," he cried, with the light of a great understanding dawning in his face. "Forgive me, I never guessed it. You loved Mary, too!"

The Judge bent his head in assent, and both were silent for a time looking into the fire. Bradlee was the first to speak. "I have had the easier life, Jack, in spite of your success, for in all my trials, I have been sustained by companionship and love. I understand your feeling, Jack, but don't disappoint Mary's joy in burning the note on Christmas morning."

The Judge turned to his desk, seized pen and paper, wrote a few words and handed them to his companion.

"Perhaps," he said, with a grim smile, "Mary will get as much enjoyment from keeping this as she would from burning the note. You are an honest man, Bob, and Mary chose aright."

Bradlee took the signed receipt. In the revelation of this man's soul, it were base to press the matter further.

"Mary will keep this paper as her most valued treasure," he said, and with a long handclasp, they parted.

Left alone, the Judge turned to the fire again and took the paper from his pocket. "Yes, Towser, we'll burn it now," he said, and, at the change in his master's voice, the dog barked gleefully. And so man and dog watched the paper slowly disappear. The wind roared down the chimney and a triumphant burst of flame shed a halo of light about the face of the Judge. The lines of bitterness had disappeared and the light of a great happiness shown in his eyes. For the first time he felt only the joy of his long love, its pain was forgotten, buried beneath the snowy mantle that would hide the past of all the world from the New Year that was so soon to come. There fell upon his ear the sound of distant chimes. From the belfry of the village church was still ringing, like a benediction to his spirit, the glad message of Christmas to all the world, "Peace on earth; good will toward men."

—LUCY McCANN, 1914

At Magnolia

The wind blows cold from o'er the sea,
The breakers swell and boist'rous grow,
While foam flies high in ecstacy
As o'er the rocks the waters go.

The blue-gray waves are tempest-turned,
The surf is mad and raging wild—
The tender sea-weed's grace is spurned,
And on the beach its stems are piled.

The rushing water-tongues devour
A former breaker's backward flow;
And cruel in their awful power
They sweep the ledge where grasses grow.

Far out from land the storm-floods roar,
And as they rumble toward the coast
The caverns groan along the shore
And of their thunder-echoes boast.

The great expanse of ocean, wide
Against the sky a ghost-form takes
While on the cliffs the beating tide
Shimmering sprays of whiteness makes.

O'er them hangs a heavy mist
Which veils the scene in gruesome light;
Weird cloudlets form where'er they list
Enshrouding day in shades of night.

To eddying inlets wave crests roll
Where lurk the rocks with savage sides;
Still on, o'er snares of Knavish shoals,
Triumphantly the storm King rides.

Bells toll their dismal monotone,
The sound of horns grows dull and drear,
The earth reverberates their moan;
All nature seems to gasp with fear;

For Heaven itself is nowhere still,
Its troubled clouds are hurrying by,
With magic speed they move, until—
A rainbow decks the sky!

Oh wondrous rainbow up above
My heart is filled with joy in thee,
Thou art a message from God's love,
Which shines through all eternity.

—CARRIE A. RAY, 1911

Pat, The Brave

Patrick Mahoney, short, stout, and jolly, leaned back in his battered green porch chair, and surveyed the little patch of door-yard with an air of silent satisfaction. His physical attitude bespoke supreme content. He drew in a great mouthful of smoke from his stuffy, black pipe, and blew it in little curling rings which hung lingeringly for a moment in the still air and then gradually disappeared. He looked meditatively at Betsey, his wife, who sat on the porch step shelling peas for the morrow's dinner. Ah, a fine woman was Betsey and a mighty good cook too. Her equal wasn't to be found in the county. She could cook a meal fit to set before His Majesty, God save him! His mind lingered pleasantly on the supper of liver and fried onions, flanked with the dish of potatoes and noggin of buttermilk churned by the same capable hands. He had eaten until as he said, "he had filled his contract," and afterwards had taken his usual after-supper position on the porch, still mentally berating the insufficient capacity of three pints which nature had allotted to him.

Now his head was sinking on his chest, and the gray embers were dropping in miniature showers from his pipe at each fitful sleepy jerk. It was Betsey who touched him gently on the

shoulder and awakened him saying, "Arrah, Pat, boy, ye had best turn in. It's the best cure for what ails ye. The supper ain't disagreeing with ye, is it?" So Pat sleepily disrobed and climbed into the bed. He crossed his hands above his head and fell asleep almost immediately. His last waking thoughts were a combination of that delectable supper and the charms of the one who prepared it.

Betsey, in the meanwhile, was walking around in the kitchen in stocking feet and arranging the details for breakfast. She was whispering the words of the prayer for sailors as she measured milk and flour, when suddenly a yell broke the silence and turned her words of prayer into an ejaculation of horror. Her eyes fairly popped from their sockets. Seconds seemed hours before she could summon resolution to go to see what the matter was. Muttering a prayer to the holy Virgin she took the candlestick in her trembling hands and started for the bed-room door. Scarcely had she put her hand on the door knob to turn it, when the door burst open and Pat's stocky form shot through the door as if hurled from a catapult, and knocked the horrified woman against the wall. "Oh, Pat," she gasped, "What's happened?" Pat's short, bristly hair stood upright, glinting red in the candlelight. His face was as white as the night dress that clung to his trembling frame. The fingers of his rigid hands were held up as if to ward off an invisible enemy. "Ah," he wailed, "my time has come. The Old Boy himself put his cold hand on me face and said, 'Pat, I'm all ready for ye.' Me time has come fer sure. Betsey, girl, send for the praste to shrine me soul, for it's dead i'm to be soon. What'll become of ye, me girl, when I'm gone. Always be a widdy, Betsey and keep me memory green. Don't pay any attention to that Jim Callahan if he tries to hand out blarney to ye. May his cake be dough and the devil have the bakin' of it, if he ever tries to cajole ye. Ah, send for the praste, and be quick."

An obliging passer-by summoned the priest, who gravely listened to Pat's excited account of the visitation, and then prepared to take his confession.

"My son, relieve your mind of every secret sin," was his advice. Thus admonished Pat began with a groan. "Yistiddy

I knocked the lights out of Jim Callahan for havin' free talk about my Betsey. May the saints fergive me, I hope his rascally bones ache yet!"

"Patsy," was the solemn rejoinder, "be forgiving. Consider that these are the last moments of your life on earth!"

"I fergive him," stammered Pat.

"Go on," my son.

"Yistiddy, I played a game of poker with John Sheehan, and, begorry, beat him three dollars and twenty cents—."

"My son," gravely rebuked the priest's voice. "—and I gave it to the blessed church," continued Pat hurriedly. "I swore I'd beat John in the off'ring to ye Rivrince, and I did, and this morning I drank a wee sup of fine whiskey. There was only three fingers in the bottle, ye Rivrince, and it was a burnin' shame to waste it." For a moment Pat forgot his confession as his mind reverted to the three fingers of Scotch Rye. He was recalled by the calm voice of the priest.

"Think well, is this all?"

"Yes, y'r Rivrince and may the evil one get me if it isn't."

After the usual ceremonies the priest departed leaving the two alone again. "Pat," anxiously suggested the weeping Betsey, "do be getting into bed, and compose yourself. I'll sit by you and read from the Book to you." After much coaxing Pat crawled, trembling and pale, into bed to wait for the expected summons. The hard day's work on the section and lulling note of Betsey's voice proved too much for Pat. He crossed his arms behind his head, and in spite of the dreaded appearance went to sleep again. Betsey, with lips ashy and continually moving in prayer watched her husband anxiously. He didn't sound like a man who was expecting to close his earthly account at any moment. His breath came first in subdued puffs and gradually his mouth dropped open. He proved his still tangible hold on life by snoring, now softly and then with increasing vigor. Suddenly over the sleeper's face came a look of unrest. His hand dropped on his face and its coldness was disturbing the deep slumber. He moved uneasily, stirred, and opened his eyes slowly. His face took on an expression of horror, and he sprang upright with a piercing shriek. "Me time has come!" he yelled,

But Betsey knew better this time. She had solved the problem of the hand of the Evil One who had summoned Pat. She shook his shoulder until he was thoroughly awakened, and explained the mystery to him. When he was quite convinced, he crept back into bed with a sheepish grin. After a few minutes silence, he murmured sleepily, "Betsey, girl, it was just as well I didn't tell the praste 'twas a whole pint instead of three fingers."

—FRANCES V. BRYANT, 1915

Wintry Lonesomeness

Sad! how sad I am!
What gloomy shadows o'er me pass!
What ghostly dreams,
What frosty streams,
My soul compass!
Once—oh, yes, once,
For I know not how long
Since last I saw the dance,
And heard the merry song
Of summer, woodland nymphs—
Once I was a youth.
My spirit roamed with murmur'ring brooks,
The cuckoo's nest,
The hemlock's crest,
The sylvan nooks.
I climbed the mountain heights
Where fragrant slumbers dwell
That lull to sleep the sprites
Beneath the shadowy dell.
I heard the valley-breeze
Tuned to the shepherd's flute;
What strain! what melody devine!

—A shepherd lad
Is never sad,
Doth never pine.
Amid the flowery mead
He lingers morn and eve;
Upon his liquid reed
The woodland echoes weave
Celestial harmonies
And Nature's lulling tunes.
But now, the stormy seasons roll!
The tempests blow
The drifting snow
Within my soul.
The deep'ning shadows brood
Over the ocean main;
The hill stands cold and nude
Above the village plain;
The drowsy owl screeches
At yonder rising moon.
Oh! yes!—once—long time ago,
When silent streams
Mid blissful dreams
Of flowers did flow,
My heart was light in years.
But now, the wintry blast
That frets the clouds to tears,
Enshrouds my distant past
In thunder, storm, and fears.

—COSTAS STEPHANIS, 1915

A Real Fairy House

Don't you believe in fairies? I guess you don't know mine then and the big fairy house I made for 'em all myself. Will you promise never, never to tell a single person in the whole world if I tell you? 'Cause don't you see some folks laugh and say there aren't no fairies, but there are, just you wait.

One time long, long while ago when the little tiny leaves were just a-comin' out on the trees, I made a big brown house for my fairies. Then I chucked 'em in and locked 'em up. Only they wasn't fairies then, they was just little bits of round brownies, all fast to sleep. I felt real sorry for 'em 'cause the house was dark and I was afraid they'd be lonesome when they waked up. I used to go to the house every morning, but I didn't see any fairies. The sunshine came, too, and one night the rain drops came tumblin' down so hard I knew my fairies must wake up. And sure 'nough, next mornin' right out on top of the house, there stood the tiniest fairy, all dressed up in a green suit and a holdin' his little hands up to me. I scooches down and was goin' to pull him up but he hollers in a little squeaky voice so you could hardly hear him, "Let go o' me."

And I's so s'prised I lets go quick. Then he says "Hello" and I says "Hello" and he says "What's your name?" and I says, "Betty, what's yours?" and he says, "Bob Up." Then we talks some more and I asks him what he hollered so for when I pulled him. And he says, "'Cause my brothers are goin' to wake up pretty soon and they'd be lonesome if I wasn't here." I tells him I won't pull no more 'cause I don't want the little fairies to be lonesome and wish they hadn't waked up. He acted kind of sleepy like, and I has to go to school anyway so I says "Good-bye," and he says, "Good-bye, come and see me some more," and I says, "All right."

There aren't any fairies at school and all the time I kept thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin' about my fairy at home and how glad I was I had him. When school was done, I run hard as I could to my fairy house again. And I kept a hearin' the funniest little noises 's if there was some old bumble bees a

hummin'. And what do you s'pose—there was lots and lots of little green fairies, just like the little one I saw in the mornin', all rubbin' their eyes as sleepy as could be. They didn't pay any 'tention to me, so I says real polite like, "How'd you do." Then my little mornin' fairy pokes his head up and says, "Hello, Betty." I says, "Hello." Then he says, "Tell us a story," just the same as I say to Mamma when I'm sleepy. I didn't know what to do 'cause I didn't know what kind of stories little fairies liked best. But I begins tellin' 'em about Goldylocks and I talks real kind of low like the way Mamma does at bedtime. I just got to where the great big 'normous bear says in his great big 'normous voice, "Who's been a' sittin' in my chair?" and I looks down and all those little fairies are sound to sleep. Then I gets up and don't make a speck of noise so's not to wake 'em up.

Next mornin' I gets up pretty nearly the same time's the sun does and runs out to laugh at my fairies for goin' to sleep before they ought to. But they says, "Sh-h," just as loud as they could, which really and truly isn't loud at all. "You'll spoil our concert. Listen," they says. And I listens and there was a great big fairy a singin' just as sweet. He didn't look like my fairies at all but he wore a brown coat and a pretty red shirt. He kept a singin' "Cheer up! Cheer up!" till we couldn't help laughin' and clappin' our hands as hard as could be. At last he went away. I was sorry and I think my fairies were too.

After that every night and every mornin', my fairies and I had the nicest times. But one day when I came, every single one of 'em was just as cross as could be. I was scared 'cause they never looked that way before. "What's the matter?" I says. Then they says, "Some bad wicked fairies came and kicked us and punched us and was a-goin' to push us right out of our own house. And our sides are so lame we can hardly stand up." I was dreadful mad 'cause my little fairies were all a-droopin' over. And I says, "Where are those bad wicked fairies?" And they says, "Right here hidin' behind us." And sure 'nough, there they were as scared as could be. And I says in a great big voice same's Papa's when I'm naughty, "What's you in my fairy house for?" and they don't say a word. Then I pulls everyone of those bad wicked fairies up. Then I gives my fairies a drink of water

and they feels better. But do you know those bad wicked fairies would come back every chance they could get and I had to keep a pullin' 'em every day. I guess they was jealous 'cause my fairies had such good times.

The sun and the wind used to tell them hundreds of stories because you know the sun and the wind go all over this world and see everything. They would tell about little boys and girls who didn't talk a bit the way we do. Some of them lives where it is winter even in the summer time and do you know some of them lives where there isn't any snow at all. Sometimes the wind and the sun would tell about poor little boys and girls no bigger than me, who had to work all day long in a great big, big place and never had time to play. Then the fairies and I would cry 'cause we felt so sorry. But one thing always made us glad. The wind and the sun said that no matter where the little children were, when they were very, very little they always believed in fairies and it was only when they grew up that they'd forget. The wind and the sun every time they leaves my fairies, they says, "Be a little bigger when we come back." The rain drops comes too, sometimes to wash my fairies faces, and they always says the same thing. So my fairies grows and grows.

One day I saw most every one of 'em had something real kind of funny that they were a holding just as careful. "What you got there?" I says. And they says, "Wait and see." So I has to wait. Every day what they was holdin' grew bigger and bigger. At last one morning when I comes out what do you suppose they was wearin'? The prettiest pink and white and blue fluffy hats you ever saw. And I jumped up and down and clapped my hands as hard as I could. I couldn't help it. The fairies laughed and bobbed their hats at me.

Did I tell you I made my fairy house right beside a long, long street where people were goin' by all the time? First they didn't pay much 'tention to my fairies, but bimeby when the fairies were bigger some people used to stop and looks at 'em. After they put on their pretty fluffy hats—the fairies, I mean—lots and lots of people stopped, only wasn't it funny, they didn't know they was lookin' at fairies. The fairies liked to have the

people stop and they told 'em stories like what the sun and the wind had told them. The people heard what the fairies said, I know, 'cause the people look so happy like when they goes away. But, honest and true, hope to die, they don't know it's fairies they are talkin' to and laugh when I tell 'em.

One day a little bit of a ragged girl came 'long and says, "Can't I have one of 'em?" and pointed right at a lovely fairy hat. I's awful cross and says, "No, you can't" and chases her off. Bimeby I comes back and there's that pretty fluffy fairy's hat all brown and homely as can be. I sits right down and cries as hard as ever I can. Then the fairy looks up cross like and says, "What's the matter?" and I says, "Look at your hat," and he says crosser still, "Why didn't you give it away 'fore it got all spoilt?" And I's so s'prised I most tumbles over and I says, "Give your pretty hat away!" He says, "Yes, of course, that's what it's made for. I can have a lot more if you'd give that away." Then he 'splains to me how other people love 'em just same's I do and I's a naughty, naughty girl if I keep all the fluffy hats myself. I's dreadful sorry, truly, so I snips all the fluffy hats off and gives 'em to the people when they go by. It's lots of fun, lots more than just a keepin' all of 'em myself. Here's one for you. Oh, you call 'em flowers, all grown-ups do, but they really are fairies, now aren't they?

—MILDRED M. RYDER, 1914

Souls

Three thousand years and more ago, where now the dusky
golden rings
Of the Euprates, winding slow, sweep round dead ashes of dead
kings—
Where careless desert grass runs o'er column and ashlar Sargon
made—
Then palace gardens fringed the shore, the home of fountain,
bird, and shade.

The joyous thrill of the bulbul's note re-echoed in the orange-grove,
Where dappled shade and sunshine mote were scattered thru the leaves above.
Three thousand years and more ago—a morn of spring—and you and I
Among the shadows pacing slow where the Euphrates rippled by.
And I was prince of Chaldea then, and you, a slave from Persia brought,
Dragged from your father's palace when Al Kizar the Victorious fought.
Your eyes were deep as the forest pools, your hair the hue of the ripened wheat.
Graceful you were as the bending rush-face tip-tilted flower-sweet.
And I was girt with the jewelled sword and the golden baldric the Monarch gave—
For I was a thousand bowmen's lord—and you in the garb of an Eastern slave.
A dear face dropped beneath the sun. . . . Think you such moments do not bring—
Tho seldom given, yet ah! how sweet!—more than the favors of the King?
Does Rimmon's pride bring happiness—or mounted files of spear-men tall?
I knelt to the hem of a slave-girl's gown and pressed my lips to a sandal small.
And the trumpets blew from the palace gate, and far without in the dusty street
Sounded the signal that would not wait, the marching drum of horses' feet.
A slender body crushed close to mine—a clang of scabbard on stirrup-bar—
A plunging charger—dear eyes upturned—a red spur pricking out to war. . . .
And there, bayed round by the savage foe, too weak to conquer, to proud to fly,

Whelmed by the shafts of the Hittite bow, the hosts of the King
rode down to die.

I looked on the ranks of my men behind, the tense-lipped faces
o'er wind blown mane.

I looked on the shouting Death before, and prayed. . . and
knew that my prayer was vain.

I heard the trumpets give the Word—the gathering throb of the
charge behind;

I saw your face thru the lances' sheen and the dust hoof-tossed
on the desert wind.

Our horsemen crashed upon their ranks as rollers crash upon
the shore.

The steel flashed bright before my eyes. . .

Gone are the flower-hid palaces—gone the Euphrates stream that
rolled.

In place of pylon and of palm flaunt autumn woods of red and
gold.

Flung on the wheel of the hasteless years, thru blind, unknowing
aeons hurled,

We meet—and with a younger race, a northern sky, a newer world.
And as we meet this autumn time, among the leaf-fall's driven
showers.

As friends who pass and pass again, do you remember the dear,
dead hours?

Do you remember the troth we vowed—the words low spoken—
the paths we trod—

That walked adoring, opened browed, when Love was Very Per-
fect God?

Do you remember the hurt, the bliss—the old, old garland of
Rose and Thorn?

The first embrace, the Heaven sent kiss, the wrenching pain of
that battle morn?

The hasty glance in the crowded street—the wakening Memories
that we feel—

The lightest greeting when we meet—do not all these reveal?
And young we are as young we were (Three thousand years ago!)
We who have passed thru the Gate of Souls; we who have Seen
and Know!

—IRVING HILL BLAKE, 1911

The Modest Pansy

Once upon a time a family of beautiful white pansies lived in a flower garden, where they were the most admired of all the gay flowers that blossomed around them. This wasn't because Mother Nature was kinder to them than to the others. No indeed? Mother Nature was never partial to anyone. The real reason was that they made themselves beautiful. They were always the first to pop out of the ground in the spring, and from that time on, they were never idle. They carefully arranged their leaves so that their bed would be perfectly round; they shook off the dust and dirt which the wind and rain left on their petals. They washed their faces every day in the softest, earliest dew. They simply couldn't help being beautiful after taking such pains.

But one summer, something dreadful happened, which with all their care they could not stop. A horrid, creepy, red worm came crawling into their bed, and, in spite of their tears and protests, began to eat their green leaves. My! Such awful anger! They rustled threateningly on their stalks, and shook their heads in the most forbidding manner. Every one was talking at once but the Modest Pansy; but the Modest Pansy never said very much, anyway. They all loved her best; but of course she couldn't be expected to do anything, when it was absolutely necessary to use force and will-power.

Long after her companions had gone to sleep, that night, the Modest Pansy was wide awake, listening to the "Crunch! Crunch!" of the red worm as he steadily ate away.

"Some day he will eat our beautiful faces," she thought, and shuddering, she drew her petals more closely about her.

A belated bee stopped to rest on a green stalk near by, before finishing his journey homeward. The Modest Pansy at once told him all her troubles and begged for his help. But the bee was not even interested.

"Everyone must live," he said, "and I wouldn't sting a poor worm to death for trying to get something to eat."

Suddenly the Modest Pansy became very crafty.

"I have a little honey for you," she said sweetly.

The greedy bee at once flew into her center; and, quick as a flash, the Modest Pansy closed her petals tightly about him. "Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Let me go!" stormed the bee; but she only clasped him still more closely. All through the long night she held him fast, although it seemed that his struggles would burst her delicate petals.

In the morning the other pansies awoke and called to their sister, but she remained drooping on her stalk. With all their gentle waxing they could not get her to raise her head.

"Ah! Our poor little sister is dead!" they cried, and every pansy head was bowed in sorrow. But the Modest Pansy was not dead. She was waiting for something to happen, and she did not have to wait long, either. The red worm had been eating her leaves and now he began to climb her stalk. The Modest Pansy extended one of her petals, and the worm put out his ugly nose, and slowly crawled upon its white surface. Then the Modest Pansy quickly closed it up again, and the bee and the worm were shut in.

Then followed a terrible battle. The bee tried to sting the worm, and the worm hugged his ugly body about the bee. As soon as the Modest Pansy saw that the worm was getting the worst of the battle, she opened her petals and the two fell upon the ground, where they were eagerly watched by the flowers. After a while, the bee spread his wings and flew triumphantly away, leaving the red worm stretched dead upon the ground.

When the pansies turned to look at their drooping sister, they found her transformed. The blood of the red worm had

stained her center a most brilliant hue. In time she grew well and strong again, but her beautiful crimson center always remained, to remind her comrades that the finest things in life come through sacrifice.

—MABEL C. DURGAN, '15

How The Lobster Came To Its Own

Long ago the Great Spirit was angry with his children and sent a drought upon their country. They grew weaker daily. At last they met in council to choose a sacrifice to propitiate the angry deity. The chief gave the dearest thing he had, his son, Red Fox. The young man was very sad and went down to the sea to pray that the great sorrow be lifted from his people. Long he prayed while the sun glittered only the more fiercely. The sun beat down in dazzling brilliance and turned his brain to fire. As he watched the ocean crawling back from the parched land, he saw a green Rock-Devil clumsily moving among the stones. He stared in fascination at the evil thing which lurched a little nearer. He drew his feet back hastily for he knew well that if the creature once pinched his bare toes, it would never loose its hold until it should thunder. He watched the clumsy creature dully; but all the while how his stomach did ache!

Then a dreadful idea came to him. Since he was to die on the morrow, it should be on a full stomach. He stepped down and deliberately lifted the frightful thing which none of his people had ever dared to touch. The Rock-Devil's eyes bulged, its feelers waved threateningly and it frothed at the mouth, so violent was its rage. Its claws clashed and reached for him, but tho he trembled, he still held on. A man can be very brave when there is a gnawing pain at his stomach.

He kindled a fire and when the coals glowed, red and hot, laid the Rock-Devil upon them. It struggled and he trembled at

his own rashness. A frightful change came over it. The departure of its spirit caused it to flush and change from dull green to glowing scarlet. He shivered but how his stomach cried for food! He crushed it with a rock—a really tempting odor arose. He tasted, he ate lustfully, he smacked his lips and he lapped his fingers. How pleasant it was!

Just then the council appeared. "Only taste!" he cried. They smelled the curious odor, they sniffed at the shell and began sucking the claws. Soon the tribe rushed down over the hill. They heard how Red Fox had eaten one of the Rock Devils and was still alive. Then they went down to the rocks to find some for themselves. Soon, all along the shore could be seen small fires and crouching forms industriously roasting Rock-Devils. The air was full of a bewitching odor and their stomachs were full of succulent food. They hailed Red Fox as their saviour. Day after day they ate Rock-Devils. Finally the drought broke, but even then they did not abandon their new food.

Centuries passed and an alien race came to their shores. They, too, learned to like Rock-Devils. They liked them so well that they drove the children of the Great Spirit from their lands. Now, they have nearly extinguished the Rock-Devil people. They have no sense, these Pale-Faces. They call the Rock-Devils, "lobsters." They float bits in milk and call it "stew;" they drown it in mayonnaise and call it "salad;" they torture it and disguise it in undreamed of dishes; worst of all, they serve it in heated halls. Now the Rock-Devil is a child of the open and is at its best in the open. Never should it be served, save with the great sky overhead, and the great sea beyond, where its aroma may mingle with the odor of the sea, the fragrance of the pines, and the tang of the smouldering fire. Nor should it be disguised by heathenish condiments. The Rock-Devil should be served in its purity to an unjaded palate. It need not even be salted for this detracts from its delicacy.

The children of the Great Spirit realize the desecration of their beloved Rock-Devil. They now dwell far away toward the setting sun and their numbers are few. The old men gather in the twilight and talk sadly of the glory that was theirs when they dwelled on the coast where the Rock-Devils live. They smoke

and dream of a time when the Chosen People shall drive the Pale-Faces hence and then come to their own. Yet they shake their heads mournfully, for only the old men remember and the young men do not care.

—EDITH ADAMS, 1914

The Three Great Jews of Literature

Of all persecuted races of later times none have suffered more in Christian lands, have been more reviled and despised than the Jew. In comparatively modern times, writers, caught by their dramatic suffering, have come to make the Jew the hero of some of their best works. The three greatest of these characters have been created by Lessing in his "Nathan the Wise," Scott in his "Ivanhoe," and Shakespeare in "The Merchant of Venice."

Lessing has set his drama "Nathan the Wise" in mediaeval times but the story in reality takes place in his own time and portrays the gentle, noble character of his friend, Moses Mendelsohn. In Nathan, Lessing has ruled out almost every quality so supposedly characteristic of the Jewish nation, except his love for gain. "Nathan the Wise" he is called by the people of the city; yet he was not born with his enduring wisdom. Many a time had he cried out in hate and cursed the Christian who had burned his home and his dear ones, even cursed the Christian God. He says, "Three night had I lain in dust and ashes before my God and wept—aye, and at times arraigned my Maker, and cursed myself and the whole world, and to Christianity swore unrelenting hate." Then the child came into his life—the little helpless Christian girl. This little one, because it was a child, he kept and loved, thanking God for giving him one out of seven. It was the first step in a great forgiveness. "Nathan, you are a Christian," the old friar told him and Nathan has answered laconically but very gently.

"What makes me to you a Christian, makes you to me a Jew."

His patience with the fiery young Templar is unbounded. His wisdom in bringing up the child is more wonderful still. With all a Jew's love for his nation and religion, he did not bring the girl up as a Jewess but merely taught her of the one great Maker, and instilled in her gentleness and tolerance for all. He was willing to renounce even his claim as father, if it would be better for her. Her interests and wishes were his own first ones. More of his great wisdom is shown when the Sultan cunningly asks which is the true religion, Christianity, Mahomedanism or Judaism. Nathan responds with the exquisite parable of Boccaccio concerning the three rings. The judge called upon to distinguish between the three says; "And then, after thousands of years, when the virtues of the rings have been manifested, let them be brot again before this tribunal. Then a wiser man than I will sit in judgment and pronounce sentence." Who else is the "wiser man" than the Maker of the three rings, than the Maker of the three religions? Thru all the play one feels a certain reserved strength in the character of Nathan. In him is best illustrated the answer to the Bible query:

"But where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?

"Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

Scott has chosen to portray the life of the Jew at the very crisis of persecution. On none who have read "Ivanhoe" does the withered, bent little figure of Isaac of York, with its terrified beseeching humility, fail to leave a deep impression. His entrance into the story is startling, his outlandish dress immediately sets him out before us. Almost instantly sympathy is aroused by the curt treatment of the Saxon hosts, the dog-like cringing of the Jew. Only one in all that great hall offered him food and a place at the fire, and that sympathy was mixed with contempt. But the Jew had schooled himself to insult, and was thankful if only he might escape torture. There is something pitifully humorous in the drawing of Isaac. He is a Jew with all his nation's love for gain, all his nation's tenacity to hold the hard-won wealth. His frantic assurance to Ivanhoe, who is helping

him escape Bois-Guilbert that he is penniless; his struggling generosity in lending Ivanhoe the horse, all cause the reader to smile even while realizing its pity.

The character of the Jew impresses one by flashes and is scarcely twice alike. At the tournament he is ridiculous, contemptible, and pitiful at once. The next moment, safe in his own home, he is master of the situation, worried over his money-bags. When Gurth comes to make payment on the horse and armor, generosity once more assails him and he struggles with his avarice. But the feeling is too new and avarice wins. Yet Isaac is not all greed and frightened humility. He does not forget Ivanhoe's aid, takes him into his care when wounded, and hastens to pour out his gratitude for service rendered. If Isaac has been drawn a pitiful figure as a whole, in one phase of character he rises beyond pity up to the height of admiration. That is his all-sacrificing love for his only daughter, Rebecca. Whatever failings he may have had, this love stands supreme. For her he would undergo every torture. If he is petty in other things, if his departure from the story is far from glorious, I love to choose him at and remember him at his great height of agonized father love.

In the "Merchant of Venice" Shakespeare gave Shylock wealth and a shrewd eye for business. He has not made him humble and suppliant, neither has he made him a paragon of virtues; but has given him a keen wit that is not once overstepped in wordy battle with his haughtier Christian brothers. Shylock hated Antonio. Antonio scorned usury and let out his money "gratis;" moreover he insulted the Jew on every occasion. Shylock's arguments leading up to his bond, are keen and logically convincing. By the parable of Jacob and the sheep he obliges Antonio to admit that flesh is interest. Then as Antonio does not condemn flesh as interest, Shylock states his terms for the loan.

His life was wearing. He was suspicious always and there was no one whom he dared to trust—he even had misgivings in trusting his daughter Jessica. When at last misfortune does come it pours in in an overwhelming flood. Antonio has lost his ships and becomes a bankrupt on his hands, Jessica has eloped with a

Christian. It seems hardly probable that Shylock planned at first the cold-blooded carrying out of the bond, but everything drove him to a frenzy of madness. In self-justification he cries:

"He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew."

Shylock has been condemned for saying, when he heard of Jessica's foolish extravagance abroad, "I would my daughter were dead at my feet and the jewels in her ear." It sounds unfeeling but we must remember that Bassanio offered to sacrifice his wife instantly if Antonio might be saved. The court scene is a strange mixture of humor and tragedy. Shylock, still self-possessed and fiercely calm, jealous of his right to justice, answers every remark with dry, harsh wit. Nothing moves him except the first apparent judgment and then he bows eagerly in an exultation of gratitude. "Oh learned judge—O excellent young man."

As the tide turns and presses him harder and harder to the wall, he resists for a while and then crushes suddenly together like a tinsel ball. He has nothing behind him. His daughter is gone, his wealth is taken from him, and even his religion. He stands alone, absolutely shorn of everything for which a man could live. Then his spirit breaks, the indomitable unbending spirit which has enabled him to keep his place in the world. It has been said that had Shylock's will not broken at that moment the play would have become a tragedy. Yes indeed—but to me the court scene is a tragedy. It is satisfactory of course, but all the while there comes to mind a picture of a broken old man, going out alone with the weary answer,

"I am content."

Were I obliged to classify the three great Jewish characters definitely, I should say that Nathan the Wise is most intensely ideal, Isaac of York is most intensely a Jew, and Shylock is most intensely human.

—MARION SANBORN, 1914

La Bacchante

You reclined at the feast, a wreath on your head,
And a cup in your hand of the purest gold;
Your jewel-eyes sparkled; your lips, ruby red,
Were curved in a smile that no bitterness told.
But you drained the goblet, dear heart, too deep;
Mirth should be quaffed in the daintiest sips.
At the revel-strewn table you lie asleep,
Life's dregs a stain on your purpled lips.

—FRANK HILL, 1914

Little My-All

John Gresnal lay in his quiet chamber with tears on his bearded white face and the pain of an unanswered questioning in his sombre hollow eyes. A light breeze fluttered the curtains at the open window and the sunlight streaming across the foot-board rested warmly on the little girl who lay in tired contentment playing with a simple toy. Gresnal put his hand to his throat.

"Oh, My-All, Little My-All," he whispered.

The nurse at the window turned her head away at the sound of the heart-broken voice, but the child on the coverlet at the man's feet fingered the colored beads in her hands and murmured on in the unmeaning, monotonous tone of a child who cannot hear. Gresnal's eyes, wonderfully soft and loving even in their despair, watched the sunlight shimmering on the child's yellow curls, the flush of color in the rounded cheeks, the incessant motion of the little face that knew no unhappiness and no misfortune. She looked up from the tossing of her beads and answering his look with a slow smile she crept gently across the coverlet and nestled into the hollow of his arm. She patted

his cheek sleepily and uttered soft, incoherent murmurings. The sunbeams shifted slowly across the bed and presently the child lay asleep, one hand beneath her red-flushed cheek, the other clasped about her father's fingers.

When the nurse came from her seat by the window to throw a covering over the child, John Gresnal roused from his sad scrutiny of the baby's passive face.

"Little My-All, poor baby," he said, as he looked up at the nurse. "Have you thought it a strange name for a baby girl? It is the only name she ever has had. Life had come to mean so much to me the four years Miriam and I were together that when she went, it seemed as though the whole world dropped away from me. She had been so happy in the thought of all that life was and all that it would be—but then the terrible accident came to her and the baby was born before its time. She lived only long enough to kiss the child and know it was the little girl she had yearned for—and then she was gone. For weeks I knew no happiness; I called the baby my all—I let the joy and love of everything else in the world go out with my dead wife. It was a bitter, selfish time." He paused a moment painfully. "Then one day the doctor came to me and told me that the accident that had cost my wife's life had blighted my baby; she would never hear, never talk, never be in her mind as other children are. As I held her in my arms and thought of what life would mean to her, in that bitter, black hour I learned that I must live; I had called her my all, now I knew that, more than this, I must be her all, her protector, her interpreter, her teacher in the little she would ever be able to learn. For five years I have been her constant companion! I have learned to know every expression that comes to her face; to understand her way of making known her desires; I have never let her experience an unhappy moment—see! the lines of her face are all happy lines! I have loved her well—alas! far too well!" He turned his head with a movement of despair. Passing his fingers across her head he brushed the curls away from her beautiful, useless little ear. "Oh the misery of such a mistake! I did not know I was to die so soon. And the world is a world of people who do not understand and do not care!"

At the sight of his grief-drawn face the nurse walked hastily to the window. Thru the blur of her tears she looked out upon the meadows and the dust rising from the country road. As she stood fighting back the tears she prayed, "Oh, God, help me to lighten his suffering and distress." Over and over the prayer was repeated. "As I love him, oh, God, grant me a way to ease his dying hours." When she turned toward him again, he lay quiet, but his eyes still watched the child's dreaming face and his unsolved trouble had graven deep lines upon his cheeks and brow.

In the evening when the gray shadows had deepened and the child sat by his pillow playing with her fat little fingers the simple games he had invented for her, the doctor came. His visit was brief; there was no reason for it to be other than brief; there were no words of hope and encouragement to be spoken, no medicines to be administered with expectation of relief; he left only a small phial, the contents of which would stimulate the man thru sinking spells for a few times, perhaps, and prolong his life for a few hours. The busy doctor lingered a moment from the round of his country calls to speak a word of sympathy with the tired nurse, and as he looked back at the child chattering by her father's bed he gave her a few low words of caution in regard to the stimulant he had left; she must administer it with extreme care and by no means allow the child to reach it.

After the doctor had gone, the nurse moved quietly about, preparing the room for the night and striving to steady herself for the long night vigil—the last, probably, that she would ever keep with him. The Death Spirit hovered near, and the nurse was yet so young that even in its calmest, most peaceful approach, the Death Spirit was full of terror for her. And—she gripped her hands convulsively together—she had learned to love this man in the nobility of his soul.

The night wind fluttered the curtains at the windows and the dusk of twilight crept silently in. The child, wearied of her playing by her father's side, pushed her playthings impatiently across the floor. Her father, with his eyes watching the darkening landscape, his mind deep in the contemplation of unhappy thought, did not notice her fretful impatience, and the nurse

kneeling by her side sought to satisfy her before she should disturb him. But the child tempestuously pushed aside every proffer of comfort, beat her hands restlessly together, and repeated again and again a sharp, insistent, petulant cry. With tears of pity and distress on her cheeks the nurse endeavored to soothe the baby, but it was useless; she could not understand the desire that prompted that urgent cry.

The insistent voice of the baby roused Gresnal from his sad reverie and he half raised himself anxiously on his elbow.

"It is water she wants," he said as he listened to the repeated cry.

As he looked at the two tear-stained faces before him, the sadness deepened in his eyes.

"No one can understand her," he groaned, as he sank back on his pillow. "No one, not even you who have tried so hard. No one can help her save I alone—and I am dying!"

Little My-All quieted when her want was satisfied and the nurse put her to bed by her father's side. Silence settled about the farm house; all was still but the sound of the wind in the trees and the chirp of the crickets outside the window. The night lamp burned low on the stand and the shadows were very dark in the little room, but as the nurse sat in her low chair by the window she knew that the man's eyes were open, sleepless, and always questioning, questioning, in their sad, despairing gravity. Three times he called her as the long hours wore on; three times she administered the stimulant, and each time she saw the weakness of death creeping nearer and nearer. And as she stood by his side the prayer swelled in her heart, "As I love him, oh God, grant me a way to ease his dying hours."

Suddenly she heard him speaking in a calm, purposeful voice.

"Will you sit here beside me, nurse?" he asked. I have something to say to you; I have not much longer to say the things I wish. You have been most kind to me in these unhappy days—you will never realize how deeply I feel it—but I wish to ask one thing more; may I ask it of you?"

Her tired face lighted.

"My kindness has been such a little thing; just a response to your own kindness. If I may only help you!"

His sombre eyes scrutinized her face.

"You know the cause of my trouble," he began slowly, passing his hand over the baby's curls while the palor deepened on his cheeks. "I am dying; there is no power on earth to save me; each time you have given me the stimulant it has been less effective. The end comes quickly. But I leave behind me this baby, little My-All, born to misfortune. I have shielded her too carefully; no one understands her save myself, and she has never known unhappiness. What does she know of the brutal world? Must I go and leave her to the world, friendless, unfortunate, unloved? He raised himself in his anguish. "Promise me! Promise me! Will you do as I ask?" he pleaded.

The woman leaned forward in her eagerness. The hot tears gleamed on her cheeks.

"I will do everything as you wish! I will keep her as though she were my own and shield her as you have done. I will give my life to her as you have given yours."

A wave of bitter agony crossed his face.

"Oh God!" he groaned. "You have not understood! How could you love what is not your own! And if you die—what then?"

He looked into the woman's bewildered eyes and half raising himself, he seized her hand.

"Listen!" he continued passionately. "I heard all the doctor said. I am dying. Perhaps the next time you give me the stimulant it will do no good. You will watch me dying! You will know! Promise, you must promise in God's name, when that time comes, you will save me from a death of agony and my little child from a life of utter wretchedness! Promise me that you will give her the drops that shall put her to sleep beside me, never to awaken!"

With a moan of horror the woman drew her hand from his and covered her face.

"Promise me!" he pleaded, dropping weakly back on the pillows. "There is little time to spare. Remember, she has not a mind such as other children have! What would the world be

losing when it lost her? To me alone is she a being to be loved and cherished! Promise me!

She put her hands down revealing a white, strained face.

"Give me a moment to think!" she gasped.

She went to the open window and sat looking out across the moonlit meadows. She had prayed God that she might lighten his dying hour. Was this the answer to her prayer? She loved him so well that her heart had cried out against his suffering, she had prayed for the lessening of his agony. Why then should she hesitate? Was it right to let the child live and suffer? Was it wrong to help her die before she knew anguish or realized her own misfortune? Her soul recoiled at thought of the deed.

"I will not think of my self-sacrifice," she sobbed to herself. "If it is right and best to do it, no self-sacrifice is too great for me!"

But a human life is a human life, at its best and at its worst, in glorious fulfilment of promise or in pitiable limitation, a life is a life, and who dares set a value upon it or strike it out at his will?

"Oh, but I long to help him! I long to know that he dies in peace and happiness!" She wrung her hands in her distress. "What shall I do? What is it right for me to do, oh God? I might give her a harmless portion"—she grasped at the idea eagerly. "He would die content, he would never know that I had deceived him!" But the child, left to a world which she could never understand or benefit, which could never understand or appreciate her; what of the baby?

With a sudden weak cry John Gresnal called her. In a moment she kneeled with her arm beneath his head and forced the stimulant between his lips, but as she laid him back on the pillow, she knew it was in vain. The end was at hand and with the baby rosy in sleep by his side he waited. Too near death to speak he yet lingered for a moment and pleaded with his dying eyes as she stood with the phial in her hand.

Dawn crept in through the curtained window; it touched the face of a man, a sad face to look upon, white and wasted but

beautiful and peaceful, without a line of trouble or distress; it touched the form of a little girl lying in the curve of the man's arm, one hand beneath her pink-flushed cheek, the other clinging to his slender white fingers; it touched the figure of a woman who knelt by the bedside and breathed a wordless prayer to God who understands.

—GRACE J. CONNER, 1913

Burr's Illumination

With a "bang!" followed by a "Whirr!" ending in a shriek, as the brakes stopped the wheels, Burr Frostworth bounced out of the car, bluing the air with his opinion of a spark plug that would go wrong when a fellow was in a hurry.

Below and around him twinkling lights showed that night was settling down, and little by little they formed a familiar outline which he had not seen for two years. The curse on the head of the old ferryman, who had misdirected him, was forgotten as Frostworth realized that he had come upon Bronson, his old college town.

Since early afternoon Burr had been trying to straighten out the tangle of unfamiliar roads, with the result that he now found himself miles from Ware, and the directors' meeting, and within only two minutes of the place he had fought against seeing again. Fate had removed him from the chance of buying some oil property, and now it could take him down into the city and find amusement for him.

A new plug set the engine sputtering triumphantly again, and soon Frostworth was coasting down the hill unmindful of pedestrians and other street ornaments. Supper, at a farmhouse some miles back, had satisfied his hunger. So the passing cafes had no temptations for him and he let the car take him where it would.

Now and then he overtook groups of animated and excited people, all hurrying in the direction of the college. From bits of their conversation he learned that the annual campus illumination was in progress and realized that of all days this was most inopportune for his visit.

Rapidly his mind travelled back two years to the time when he had last witnessed the fete, and when Snell, his old roommate, had been a member of the graduating class. An impulse to turn and flee from the scene of unpleasant memories seized him, but the longing for the old place was too strong, and he continued on his way.

Skilfully dodging and escaping other cars, he worked his way down the midway and came to a stop within a short distance of the raised platform.

Almost before he realized the fact, chairs, sofa pillows, and human beings had completely filled the ground about the car, and Burr found himself hemmed in from every direction.

Simultaneously with this perception, a stir was heard, as three people pushed their way into the mass and sat down perilously near the left mud guard of Frostworth's car.

He did not have to guess as to the identity of one of the three, for he well knew the distinctive outline Dorris Martin made, in the feeble light. She was a rare type, and the only person who could come so near him to-night.

Feeling secure in the depth of the machine and the shadow of the trees, Frostworth made no move to change his position. It was indeed a kindly fate that had drawn them into each other's presence, though unknown to either, and Burr could not withdraw. There could be no harm in basking in the pleasure of being near her again, and so, settling down comfortably among the cushions, forgetful of the band playing on the pavilion, and the other people about him, he waited for the sound of her voice.

It was not she, however, who broke his stillness, for good Mrs. Martin asked if Burr Frostworth had not been, at one time, a member of the present graduating class.

Burr was rather surprised to hear the answer that came

at once from the Professor, "Yes, Frostworth should be here to-night, and it is a sad thing that circumstances rule otherwise."

Mrs. Martin was quick in her retort, "I hardly see how you can accord any virtue to a fellow who had the baseness to do as that fellow did, to get his degree. Anyone who could steal examination papers could abscond with anything. I, for one, am glad the scapegoat is not here."

And so, thought Burr, the old Prof. lets me live, the Mrs. thinks me a scapegoat, but—well, the rest of the family will keep its opinion to itself, I hope.

In a lull of the orchestra, the Professor was speaking again, "I fear, my dear, that you draw your conclusions from off the surface, just as too many others do. Some of the possibilities in this case were not considered, and too little time was given to looking up both men."

"Was someone else concerned, Daddy?" Dorris quickly asked. "You said 'both,' you know."

"No, dearie, you misunderstood me," he replied, but she knew she had heard aright.

"I don't see why you people concern yourselves so much," was Mrs. Martin's contribution. "I venture to say that wherever he is, he leads a hand-to-mouth existence," and Burr smiled pityingly.

Again the Professor was speaking, not heeding his wife's opinion. "Somehow I did like the fellow in spite of his dare-devil spirit. I am sure he was the one who told Davidson that aqua regia would make a good mouth wash, but then, Davidson never knew anything, anyway."

"You're a wise old gazook," thought Burr, "but you might have put some of your admiration on my rank bills."

"I could hardly agree with the rest of the faculty in sending him away, but I suppose his own confession should have been enough to convict him," the Professor went on. "You remember, perhaps, the fellow Frostworth roomed with. He was graduated two years ago. The two fellows were alike in some external respects, but very different in others. It always seemed to me that Frostworth pitied his roommate and championed

him. He needed a champion, for the fellow never seemed to have anything but a wishbone."

"You may also know," Mr. Martin continued, "that Frostworth's only living relative was a cousin to whom Snell was engaged. There was nobody depending on Burr, but everything for Snell's family hinged on whether he got his degree that year or not. His people were poor and the position the 'A. B.' assured him would make them comfortable for life.

"Didn't the two fellows do some regular work in the faculty building, Daddy?" Dorris questioned.

"They alternated janitor work and had keys to all the rooms," her father answered. "You know the rest of the story as well as I do."

"Well, then, don't bore me with it," her mother cut in. "Here you are, talking about a man without family, name, social position, or wealth, as though he were the greatest lion. I am glad he was removed before Dorris was entirely captivated by his coarse eccentricities."

"The papers were found in Frostworth's desk, weren't they, Daddy?" a sweet voice bored on.

"Yes," answered the Professor, "and what use a Sophomore had of a bunch of Senior examinations, wrapped around two old Sophomore papers, is more than I can guess. It leads me astray."

"More than one thing is straying to-night," commented Burr to the palm of his hand, as a big fellow shouldered himself into the Martin triangle and sat down between Dorris and her mother.

"Oh, Mr. Southy!" Dorris acknowledged, "Daddy and I were just speaking of Mr. Frostworth. You remember him, don't you? He used to be a member of this class."

"You mean the fellow who pinched the golden papers?" Southy drawled.

"It was Burr Frostworth of whom we were speaking," Dorris retorted in a tone which said, "If you can't talk decently, you had better think," and turned to her father.

"Come, come, Dorris," Mrs. Martin interjected, quite unmindful that she herself had introduced the subject. "We've had enough of this. Let's hear something interesting. Mr. Southy, are you still oiling the country?"

"If he does much longer," thought the man in the car, he'll have to water his well."

"You flatter me, Mrs. Martin," Southy replied. "I can scarcely say that my oil flows as freely as that, and, now, since a turn of affairs this morning, I have become confined more closely to my old territory." Southy never lost an opportunity to pour an oily tale of his woes into Mrs. Martin's ear and the present one seemed most favorable.

"Pray tell us what has happened," encouraged his listener. Dorris and her father were engrossed in their own conversation.

Southy plunged at once into his trouble. "This evening I received a telegram from my foreman, saying I had been outbid to-day in some valuable oil property adjoining mine. This is the third time the same thing has happened to me during the past two months, and I am afraid I shall have to go West to give the matter my special attention." Just what his "special attention" would amount to, it might be difficult to say.

"If the fellow would come out in the open and fight on the square, I would soon do him up," the would-be oil magnate assured her. "I know who is plotting my ruin, but I am not quite ready to give him that information yet. When I do strike, I can easily say I am oiling the country."

"When you give any information, you will be oiling wheelbarrows at a dollar and a quarter a day," mused one of Southy's hearers. "You don't know nitro-glycerine from basting cotton."

"It must be great to be in such control!" Mrs. Martin exclaimed. "Doesn't it make you feel as though you were really doing things?"

With this encouragement Southy lost discretion and let himself lick at the dish of defeat he had set before his oil rival.

"Two weeks ago, I was West to look after affairs. I'd never had much faith in my foreman, for he never seemed to have more than a wishbone." Dorris and her father turned to listen.

"Somehow or other he had got hold of the plans of an invention that, he says, literally will boil the oil out of the ground," Southy ran on. "I didn't ask any questions, but I am pretty sure it is the same thing that the man, who outbid me to-day, gave up a short time ago because of lack of money."

"Isn't it a pretty serious thing to claim another's invention?" Dorris questioned. "I should hesitate about claiming it, I think."

"Oh, yes," Southy answered easily, "but the owner can't prove anything, and, besides that, isn't it a pretty serious thing to set fire to another man's well? He did that to me, and that is only one of the many underhanded things he's done to work my ruin."

"He set fire to an oil well and endangered lives as well as property!" Dorris exclaimed excitedly. The man in the car said, too—nobody in hearing—"Some day, Baby Doll, you'll learn to be careful with matches in the oil country, and then you won't be starting a smudge that later will fire your own well."

Then, as the concert ended and people began to rise, Dorris turned to her father with, "Come Daddy. We've been mistaken. I hate such a man as that!"

"Hate away to your heart's content," said Burr, as he sprang out to light his lamps, "but I'll bet my pipe line against Southy's signature that my oil will light you upstairs before long"—which may or may not have meant more than one thing.

A familiar exclamation made Dorris turn just in time to see a face, full in glare of one of the lamps, as Burr strove to light another match in the breeze. Only a moment did the face remain in the light, but that was sufficient. She saw a sneer and a firm set jaw under snapping eyes that told her a good deal. Dumb with realization of what his presence meant, so near, where he surely must have heard everything, chagrined by her own words, she felt more than ever the valley between them. She would have called out, but no words came to her lips, and, astounded, she heard him swallowed up in the darkness. A moment she stood, looking into the blurr of twinkling lights from whence came the sound of his engine, diminishing in the distance. But she knew where the underhanded man stood.

PART SECOND

A snake slowly uncoiled itself, raised its head a few inches into the burning air, and then, with an eye half-blinded by the glare of the sun, began its way to a hole nearby, in the depths of which was coolness that no person found. Now and then a

"Thousand Legs" came out of his hole, half way, and then, finding it hotter out-of-doors, quickly disappeared into the hot sand again. A "Sand Flea," toiling laboriously, at last gave up his determination and burrowed his bigness out of sight into the ground.

As the last foot of snake disappeared into the sand, a short, piercing shriek, repeated twice, broke the stillness. The effect was electrical. Six feet, nine inches, of human being unwound itself from the shade of the little station, and, hitching up its belt, came out to the edge of the platform to send a deluge of tobacco juice at the oncoming train.

A stopping train might easily arouse excitement. San Martine in the Guadalupe foothills was scarcely more than a watering station and, even then, engines seemed to prefer the water at Gomez, twelve miles farther east, so that few people, generally speaking, knew that San Martine was on the map.

Miles away the engine was fairly flying over the sand-strewn rails, drawing its train of cars after it with little regard for their safety. The man on the platform saw the distance lessen until the engine grew larger and larger, finally stopped, towering above the station, and panted with impatience to be off again. Two or three "bangs," another scream from the engine, a slam from a vestibule door, and two trunks and three people had been deposited on the platform.

A rapid survey of the little station, the miles of hot sand from which mirage floated upward, and the mountains rising in the distance, was not reassuring to the newcomers. Dorris Martin turned to find herself quite as interestedly surveyed by the tall, awkward Westerner. Her first impression made her wish the fast disappearing train could be made to come back after her, and then she began to wonder why she had let herself be dragged into such a country even if her dearest chum, Evelyn Southy, had made elaborate plans for a month's stay on her brother's oil farm.

The reception committee came forward, one hand full of hat, the other extended in true Western cordiality. Six Feet Nine Inches began negotiations with Professor Martin.

"I take it you're the three that's goin' up to Southy's?"

Upon being assured that he had the right conception of the situation, he started toward the rear of the station from whence he presently emerged with a pair of mules and a rattling buck-board.

"Southy couldn't come down himself and this here's the only kind of a hossless carriage I can steer," he apologized.

"If Cecil thinks we're going to ride up in that rig, he's much mistaken," stormed Evelyn. "That's a pretty way to receive us. You go up and tell him to come down with a civilized wagon. We'll stay here in the station until he comes."

"Of course, Miss, it's just as you say, but it's a good eight miles, and he's pretty busy these days," and then as she turned away, added meekly, "I'll take the trunks."

As the buckboard rattled away in the hot dust, Evelyn led her guests into the station where the heat was even greater than in the full sun. Gradually, she began to realize that her brother had not shown any particular enthusiasm about her coming out in the first place, and anger, for a moment, made her forgetful of Dorris and her father.

She turned toward them to offer some sort of apology in his behalf, but a welcome sound of a stuttering motor from without saved her the speech, and the three hurried eagerly out upon the platform. A disappointment sat in the auto for, instead of Southy, a stranger, in serviced plainsman's clothes, was applying the brakes. To Dorris, the machine seemed to have a familiar outline, but then—of course, there were many of the same type.

Before any mention could be made of hiring the services of the providential stranger, he offered them respectfully, and soon the little station was alone again. The artificial breeze dispersed the sun's heat, and the people in the car soon forgot that they had been sweltering but a few minutes before.

The road suddenly began to rise and wind away into the hills, following along a ridge, on each side of which was nothing but bare ledge and scrub foliage. It was a barren waste of rock and sand piled together in great disorder.

Dorris startled herself and the others with an involuntary exclamation, "What a lonely place for a man to spend his life in."

"Yes, of course, it is strangely lonesome for us," Evelyn replied, "but then, you know Cecil does not intend to spend the rest of his life in this place. The country is prettier up beyond."

A few minutes more brought to their view a tableland and in the distance they could make out the towers and tanks of oil works. As they drew nearer, the confusion of it all began to take on some form, and they could make out the streets and little houses at the foot of the towers. Everything seemed to be greased, as they passed by tank after tank, near by which were the never-ceasing pumps. No man seemed to have any spare time, and few could be found who were not busily engaged in some sort of work.

Behind a bend in the road they saw a different sort of country. In the immediate foreground was a large, peaceful house surrounded by well-kept, shady grounds. Dorris noticed with pleasure the deep verandah which ran completely around the house, and, beyond that, the garden and flower beds lost in the shade farther back. In a few minutes the party had stopped by the gate and Evelyn turned to inquire of the stranger, "To whom are we indebted for this service?"

"Boni Frostworth," the man replied, "I'm exercising the thing for him," and began to turn around.

As they went up the walk, Cecil's sister exclaimed to herself, "The impudence!" Dorris wondered if "Boni" was Texan for "Burr," or merely a misuse of Latin with good intent. The Professor was wise and satisfied.

Dinner that night was a farce, so far as Cecil Southy was concerned, and he hurried off as soon as he could, leaving his sister to make amends for his actions on the grounds of pressing business.

Later in the evening, as the three newcomers sat in the big piazza enjoying the night air, the magnitude of the West seized Dorris. Away across the valley a single house was lighted. Down below, directly in front of the house, she saw the dim outlines of the towers projected against the mountains rising beyond. Miles upon miles was the radius of the circle of vision, and the thought that this vast territory was but a very small part of it all, made her see something of the greatness of the

country. More than this, she knew that out there somewhere Burr Frostworth was enjoying the evening, a part of the big country not given over to trivial matters but concerned mainly with things that only men could execute. She fell to wondering how she could speak to him, if by any chance they should meet during her month in this dangerous country. Would it be better not to let him know she had seen him two months ago, or to try to make some reparation for the things he had heard them say of him? Well, she remembered the contempt she had seen in the glare of the lamp, and in some way she felt small and unimportant beside a man who could scorn his accusers. It might be very probable that he would not give her more than a nod of recognition, if they should meet. Perhaps he was as willing to let her hate as to do anything else. As she thought more and more of all these possibilities and probabilities, a feeling came over her that she was indeed in an alien country. Burr was too much occupied with his greater life for any thought of her and Cecil ("Bah! What a name") unscrupulous enough to take any means for the ends, one of which she felt herself to be. Somehow she grew to feel that Evelyn had planned her western visit for a definite purpose, and when she followed her father into the house that night, Dorris was a most unhappy little girl.

Sometime later in the night she was awakened from her drowsy sleep by voices down under her window by the front gate. The first she understood clearly was:

"You do the square thing to-morrow, Southy, or you may find yourself in a deep hole."

There was no mistaking that voice. It was the quiet, forceful voice of a man who knows his ground and that he speaks the truth. Though the greatest issue might be at stake, Burr Frostworth never let his voice rise above the tone of ordinary conversation, but he could be forceful.

Dorris went quickly to the heavily curtained window and strove to catch the rest of the conversation. The excited, irrational voice of Cecil Southy came up to her.

"What's the use, Frostworth, of all this fuss? You know I've got you, and, with the invention that'll be declared to-morrow, I can draw your oil through the side of an iron pipe.

Your property that you've worked so hard to get away from me won't be worth anything."

"Hasn't it occurred to you, Southy, that you are committing a crime?" questioned the steady voice. "That belongs to me and you know it."

"Oh, well," Southy answered, "You've taken every means you could to buy up the oil country here, and now I'll pay you back for it. You can't prove anything, and, even if you could, you haven't enough money to put it through. You might as well throw down your hand."

"Look here, Southy," Burr exclaimed, I haven't taken any unfair means to secure property here. If you preferred the charm of a woman's eye in the East to your finances here, it was no fault of mine. A man has to work once in a while, you know. Whether I've money enough to develop this thing or not has no bearing on this question."

You're hanging to the last straw, Frostworth, and let me tell you it's a blamed thin one," Cecil replied with finality as he started up the steps. "I guess you can't endure seeing the girl slip through your fingers, but I've got her," he flung back from the top of the steps.

"There are some men who are not ruled by women, Southy," Burr fairly snarled. Then to himself as he cranked the machine, "I'll make a plank of the straw and bust it over your infernal head to-morrow."

There was a familiarity about that chugging off there in the darkness, and, even after she had ceased to hear it, Dorris sat looking in the direction it had gone toward the house across the valley. Just why she sat and watched she could not have told. Burr's heated reply burned in her mind and she felt as though a blow had fallen on her head. She might have known, she thought, that the man placed his work above everything else, and that in the coming fight there would be no woman. Resentment at her own feelings swelled up within her. Why should she feel such a surprise at Burr's exclamation? Why should it make any difference whether women were concerned with him or not? Why—a good many things as she sat there alone in the dark?

Across the valley a light appeared in one of the upper windows, burned a few minutes, and then went out. Dorris rose silently and returned to bed wishing that her mother might have heard the conversation on the steps.

The next morning when she came down stairs, Frostworth's car stood by the gate, alone. Evelyn soon joined Dorris with, "Cecil says we are to take the horses into the hills to day, Dorrie, it's so lovely."

Dorris scarcely realized that it was some seconds before she rep'led, but her mind was busy in the meantime.

"And so," she thought, "Cecil doesn't want us around here to-day. He may have to have us just the same, though."

It did not occur to her that she and Evelyn did not have any part in the day's proceedings, and she could not tell why she revolted Cecil's plans for a pleasant day in the hills. She reviewed, feverishly, symptoms of a plausable, sudden malady—headaches were too hackneyed—but when the two girls had reached the table she had not found any, and could not but accede to horseback.

As they sat down, Professor Martin and Burr came out of the house and down to the car together. Dorris felt a new hope. At least, her father was going to have some part in the affair, and she tipped the sizzling teakettle on her bare arm with desired results, in increasing degree.

PART THIRD

Dorris lay by the window in the upper hallway, looking out across the back yard, over the ridge, into the oil field that belonged to Southy, painfully aware that she had stayed at home in spite of his plans to get her and his sister away. The burn had proved to be more than the artful Dorris had intended, but she had the satisfaction of knowing that she was in the house where things were going to happen, even if she could not have a part in them.

Her father was busy at the other house; she had scarcely seen him all day. Evelyn was busy in another part of the house, and thus Dorris was left quite alone, as she was only too glad to be.

She heard the front door open down in the hallway below and shut again, as two strange voices began to mingle with those of Southy and his foreman. When the four men had passed into the adjoining room, Dorris came to the top of the stairs and peered down. Separated from them by only a heavy portiere, she could hear all their conversation, and she gripped the balustrade as she heard something laid on the table that she knew must be the model of the stolen invention. She wanted to rush downstairs and do something, but what to do she could not tell, and she could but listen, tortured by the knowledge that the underhanded man was winning out, after all.

The demonstration was going on, and she thought that the strangers were becoming convinced. Only a few minutes remained before Southy would be declared the propagator of the new revolution in oil machinery, and the man to whom it all belonged would be ruined. The irony of her powerlessness to do anything but sit and listen to such a complete lie, overpowered her, and she started blindly down the stairs. Half-way down she stopped, and, looking out to the road, saw her father and Burr coming up the walk.

By the time she reached the top stair again, Frostworth was inside the house, and got to the curtains just in time to hear one of the strangers exclaim, "Why, this valve is on the wrong side to operate the feed pipe. Is this your own model, Mr. Southy?"

Evidently the strangers were becoming suspicious, and Cecil, quick to see that something had gone amiss, replied easily, "No, indeed. It is my foreman's work, and I am only financing it for him."

The next moment, the curtains had been drawn aside, and Burr stood by the two strangers, looking across the table at Cecil and his foreman. Not waiting for any explanation from anyone, Burr seized the model, and, looking the foreman squarely in the eye, paralyzed that individual with:

"Tell the truth about this, Snell, or I'll tell the truth about those examination papers. Your full beard doesn't fool me a bit."

No one would surmise that these two men facing each other across the corner of the table had ever been college room-mates.

Hatred, contempt, and loathing, showed in one face; cowardice, fear, and selfishness in the other.

Snell managed to pull his discovered self together enough to parry:

"And suppose you did, who'd believe you, here?"

"I, for one," said the Professor, stepping into the room.

As the men turned toward the newcomer, Burr fell heavily to the floor, and a heavy, glass paperweight clattered down beside him. In the confusion Snell slipped out to the back piazza, unnoticed, hugging the model under his arm. Blood flowed freely from a long gash on Burr's forehead, and a swelling was fast closing an eye.

The Professor led Dorris away from the room into which she tried to force herself, as Southy lifted Burr bodily and carried him up the stairs to the best room in the house. Southy had learned a good deal, since Snell threw the paper weight, and he went thoughtfully down the stairs to meet the doctor, who was already waiting below.

That evening, Southy left his charge long enough to come down to his guests, who were sitting in the thin shadow on the piazza.

"Dorris," he said, "can you come upstairs a minute?"

She arose quickly and walked to the door with Cecil.

"Frostworth keeps trying to say something that sounds like 'Dorris,' and I think, perhaps, you had better go up, only you must remember he is not entirely rational yet."

She found him lying by a west window, and, in the feeble gaslight, made out a chair by the head of the bed. As she sat down, he seemed uncannily quiet, and she shuddered a little. It seemed an age before he moved, but it was only a few seconds in reality before he knew she was there.

When he opened his eyes, it was to see a feminine outline against the window, and he was puzzled for a moment to know how Southy had changed so much.

"I'm taking Cecil's place for a few minutes," Dorris ventured. "Can I get you anything?"

"Oh, it's Dorris," he exclaimed. "Just a sip of the grape juice, please."

When she brought it, his hand closed over both her hand and the glass, and he drank thus, but she remembered that Southy had said the patient was not fully rational.

"You must think the West is some wild, after what you saw this afternoon, Dorris," he began, but she interrupted him.

"The doctor says you are to do nothing but keep quiet."

"Hang the doctor and his catnip tea," Burr burst out. "He's afraid of his own shadow," and tried to sit up.

Dorris gently forced him back on the pillow but when she tried to take her hands from his shoulders they were prisoners in his larger ones. It was then for the first time that he noticed the bandaged arm.

"What has the country done to you?" he asked in consternation.

"I spilled some hot water on it this morning. It's nothing," she added.

"Oh, yes, now I remember," Burr replied, "Evelyn told me about it and that you did it purposely. Why did you?"

Not knowing that Burr was guessing, she admitted, "I wanted to stay home to-day and know what went on here."

"And how did you know anything was going on here to-day, in the first place?"

"I—I heard you and Southy down by the front gate last night," she stammered.

It was Burr's turn to feel uncomfortable.

"You heard us last night on the steps," he said, half to himself. "Then you must have heard me sa—" and then grasping a possible diversion, "Do you know where that infernal model it?"

But he did not release her hands.

"Southy has it, I think. Snell didn't get far," she explained. "But you mustn't bother about that now, you know. It's all right, and Cecil will help you with it."

"I am going to give the whole thing to him, Dorris. I have no—" but just then a great flame leaped up in the distance, followed by another and another. "There goes one of Southy's tanks," Burr said calmly and regrettfully. "That man Snell has

dug up the hatchet, I guess, and some firewater, too. Might as well try to bail out the lake with a dipper, as to try to stop a fire in a tank."

"Isn't there anything to do to it?"

She shivered, and he felt her draw a little closer to him—there's something about fire that makes people kin.

"That's his best tank, I think," continued Burr. "Too had, too bad, but, then, mine are full and he will have them in a few days." Then, as she turned questioningly to him, "Southy is going to have my whole property. I—I'm going back to college."

The entire country was lighted up, trees standing out plainly, and the details of the whole works were as light as at noon.

"That's some illumination beside of the last one I saw," Burr mused. "I'm glad I—we—were there."

Somehow her hands met behind his neck, and he drew her up so that both got the same view.

—CHARLES N. STANHOPE, 1912

ERRATA

The poem, To'bet and Leila, (Page 19) credited to Irving Hill Blake should have been signed Salim Y. Alkazin, 1911.



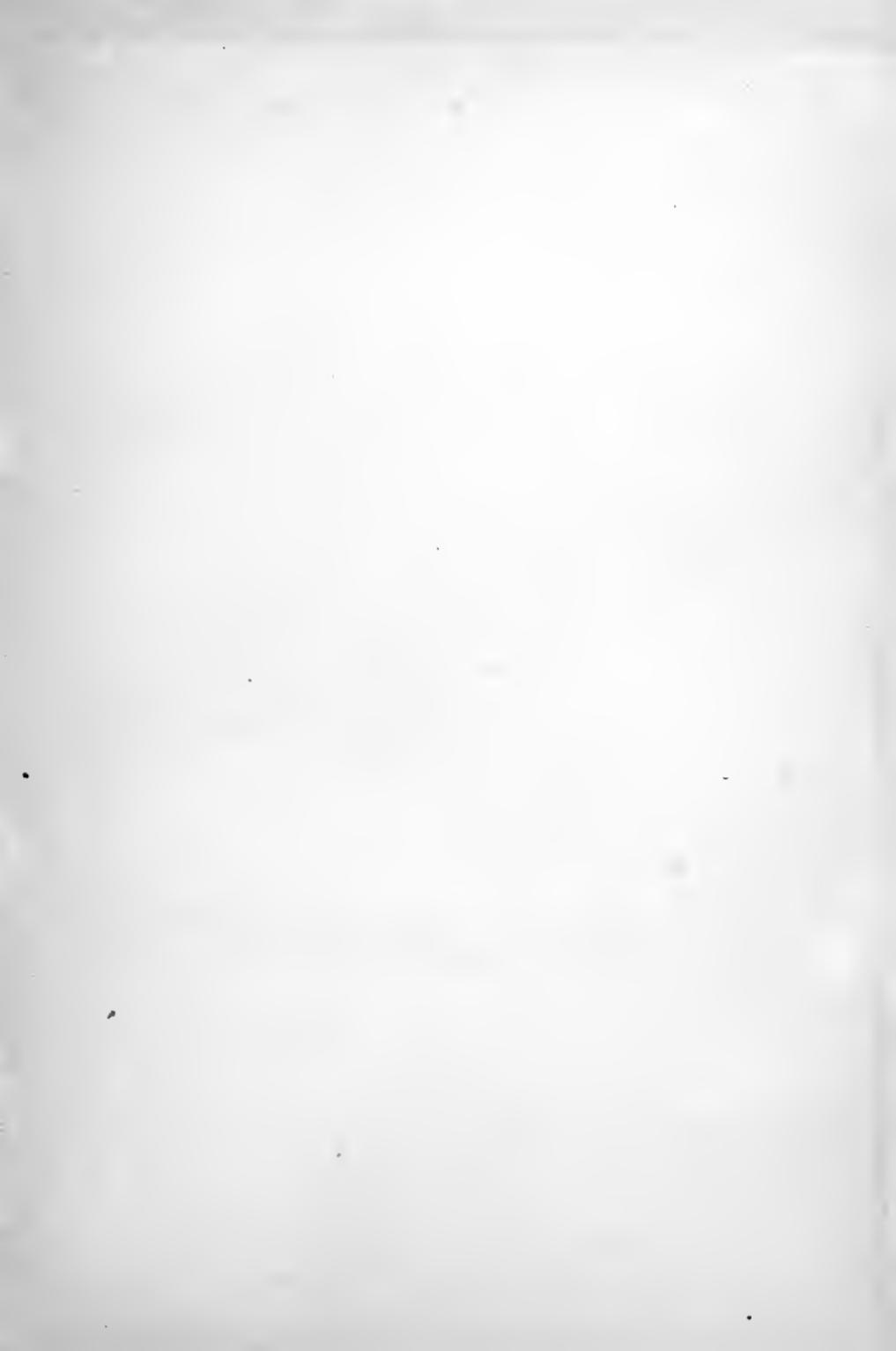
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